

HELL'S KRAAB WOODIE WASH

**SUNDAY
APRIL
21**

12 NOON - 12 PM

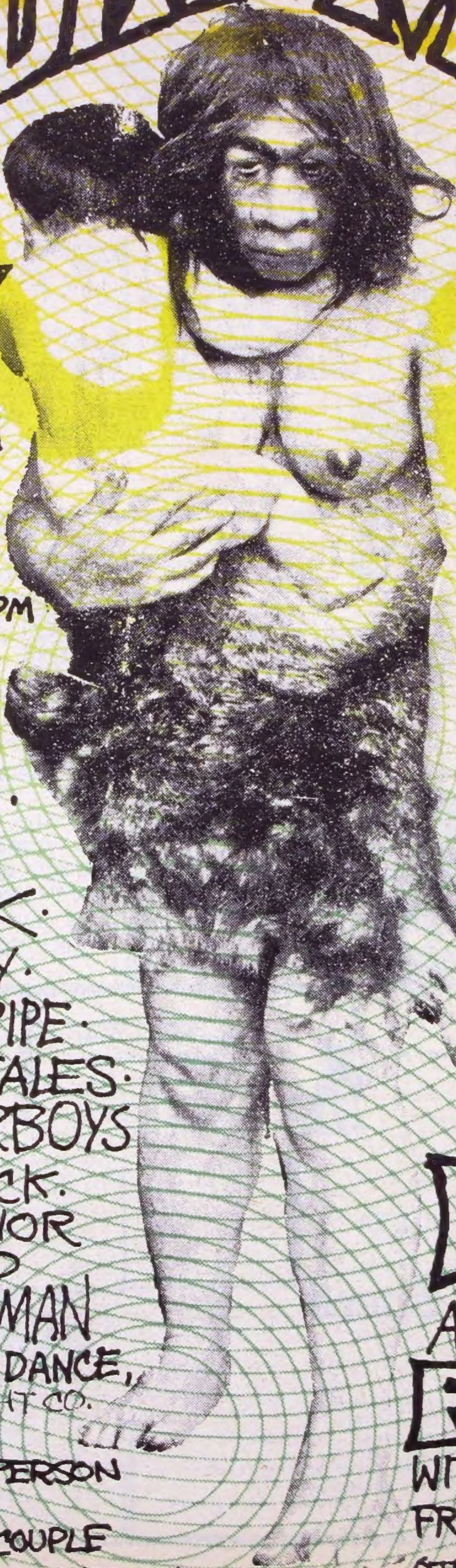
EAGLES

AUDITORIUM
MAGIC FERN.
TIME MACHINE.
FAT JACK.
UNCLE HENRY.
INDIAN PUDDIN & PIPE.
CANTERBURY TALES.
TALL TIMBERBOYS
BLUESFEEDBACK.
GREAT EXCELSIOR
JAZZ BAND
& MURRAY ROMAN
LIGHTS: LUX-SIT AND DANCE,
CONGLOMERATE LIGHT CO.

\$250 PER PERSON

\$400 PER COUPLE

INSTANT POSTER: WC.



**SUNDAY
APRIL
28**

**PIANO
DROP**

WITH

COUNTRY

JOE

AND THE

FISH

(ALSO AT EAGLES APRIL 26-27)

ADMITTANCE

FREE!

WITH A TICKET STUB
FROM THE 'MEDIA MASH'

OTHERWISE: \$1.00 A HEAD

DUMP TRUCK BABY

JOHN CONNICK

As we all remember, young Melanin-Marcellus Maccabee was a writer who only wrote the truth (as he knew it). After being rescued from prison by the A.C.L.U., MMM tried to adjust to his new freedom and continued to tell it like it was. One nite, while MMM slept, two revolutionary leaders crept into his room.....

.....AND PICKLED HIM!



MMM WAS ENSHRINED AND PRONOUNCED A MARTYR



AND ALL LEFT WITH INTENSIFIED FERVOR



THE ESTABLISHMENT RESPONDED WITH A COUNTER SYMBOL



THE TWO SIDES HELD NEGOTIATIONS...



HHH & MMM WERE PLACED IN ONE LARGE BOTTLE



AND THEN...



IS THIS TO BE THE END? IS THERE NO OTHER HOPE? WHERE IS THE CAPED MARAUDER NOW THAT HE ISN'T NEEDED? SEND US 3 COFFEE CAN LIDS AND WE'LL EXPOSE THE REAL TRUTH.

ORN. BY-HLAIVE

Whoopers Leaving Texas For Flight to Canada

WASHINGTON, March 26 (AP)—The only known flock of whooping cranes is leaving

Pedernales has word from Rotomac: Prepare for return of the Lord. Remember the Carrier pigeons-- And follow the drinking sound.



Army Returning Troops Sent Back to Vietnam

FORT BRAGG, N.C., March 31 (AP) — Some 400 paratroopers sent to Vietnam in February were returned to Fort Bragg today



They were neatly swathed in tissue. Each wrapped with a note inside: It's the only country we've got & we'd like it back we're not Completely satisfied.

One of the officers is Lieut. Gen. Frederick C. Weyand, commander of the II Field Force, which in conducting an operation aimed at driving the enemy out of the area around Saigon.

The Allies are now chasing The Enemy from Saigon-- UP says three Hard core VC Were found in the CO's john: Seed was poured in the condom dispenser. The toilet was stuffed up with rags, (Westmoreland reported Dran-O In the high command enema bags.)

First Lady Urges U.S. To Realize Its Worth

WASHINGTON, March 26 (UPI)—Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson said Tuesday Americans should not be spending their time "on a collective psychiatrist couch" constantly questioning their own actions.

CULTURE? UGH!

POETA EN NUEVA
Where once we had Manifest Destiny, Our Glory is now on the wane: Where once we gave smalloox-filled blankets We now balk at gasoline rain: All the time that we spend on the couch Was recently cost-analyzed-- So we've programmed-- at a saving-- the Culture To pre-frontal lobotomize.

York Times

... So We Piled Everything as High As We Could, Then Called for Help

DOUBLETHINK?³

While the rest of the nation was on the verge of interracial chaos, white Northwest Politicians called a conference in the Playhouse and played with themselves. Billed as A CITIZEN'S CONFERENCE ON CRIME: AN INCITMENT TO ACTION, it quickly became evident that the meeting would ignore the citizens and result in little action other than spotlighting Attorney General John O'Connell, who is up for re-election this fall, Folks.

The conference was hypocritical from the beginning. it cost \$5 to get in, was hidden away behind the cultural facade of the Center and held on weekdays, thus effectively isolating the conference from the citizens. However, at the close of the conference, O'Connell sharply criticized the citizenry for their lack of interest in his spectacle of administrative concern. If the conference had been free and held at the Madison YMCA on a weekend O'Connell might have lost some of his distain for citizen participation.

One afternoon group of panelists entertained the topic: Police Community Relations. The Panelists represented all the elements of the Negro-Police struggle: white liberals, Negro leaders and the Chief of Seattle Police Frank Ramon. Bruce Terris, assistant Director of the President's Crime Commission lead off with a scathing indictment of police practices in terms any white liberal (or conservative) could understand: clear statistical evidence of gathered by the Commission on police prejudice, police brutality, the failure of police community relations squads, the minimal recruitment of Negroes into police departments, the structural inefficiencies of police departments which hinder reform and the relevance of these factors as causes of recent race riots.

The topic was then discussed by the panelists. Negro lawyer Carl Maxy just laughed at the suggestion of change and reform; saying it is too late for conferences and committees and that the only way the Negro will ever get respect from the police will be to compel that respect. Negro Reverend John Adams ridiculed the "Law and Order syndrome which seems to have captured the American imagination" and has concerned itself more with the property owned by an individual than with the individual himself. Adams agreed with Maxy that it's just too late, baby.

Chief Ramon sat at the far right right end of the table apparently listening to his critics, however his answers showed he was both unaware of the seriousness of the topic and the specific nature of the attacks against the police. He over-responded as the police all too often do and out of context with the incident. Ramon blustered through several statistics contrary to the Crime Commission findings, mentioned the existence of Seattle police community relations squads, said the SPD was making great success in recruiting Negro officers; then sat back in his chair apparently satisfied that he had successfully defended his men from the critics and reassured the citizens.

Nothing could have been further from the truth. Ramon's replies only revealed that he had no understanding of what had gone on in the conference that afternoon and little if any grasp of why the Negroes on the panel were laughing. His blanket defense and optimistic mouthings showed that Ramon was a living example of all the reasons given why nobody believes the police anymore. Ramon revealed his real attitude toward the problem more dramatically when confronted by an angry Negro woman from the audience. She had worked with one of the policewomen from one of the Seattle Police Community Relations Units and recounted how the policewoman had done more harm than good by not listening to Negroes at meetings and by constantly assuming she was educating savages. Ramon said something about isolated examples. The Negress tried to tell him it was typical. Ramon then leaned forward, obviously irritated, and growled with all the indifference and rudeness of an arch-bureaucrat: "I'll look into it."

When asked by a member of the audience what ACTION would be taken upon the problems discussed at the Conference, O'Connell broke from his paternal pose (standing behind the panel with his arms folded), checked his watch to see if there was time to deal with this annoyance, assumed another pose as Public Speaker at the Rostrum and said that the matters discussed at the conference would all be considered by the Citizen's Committee on Crime and the findings would be a part of the Attorney General's report to the Legislature this fall.

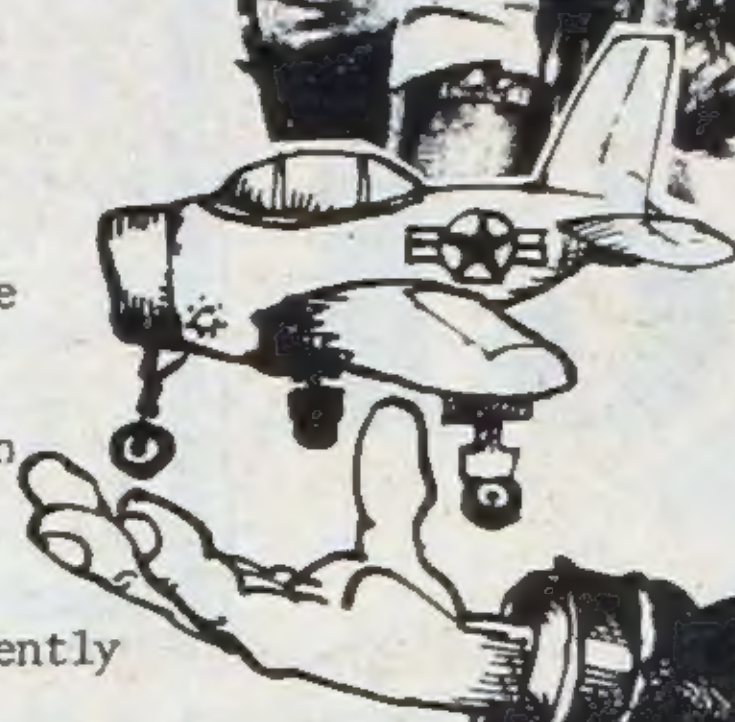
The Conference was a shabby dramatization of the past five years of "concern and action": the white liberals criticized and reported but nobody listened, the politicians promised reform and change but nothing really happened, the Negro leaders demanded justice but laughed knowingly, the citizens raised questions but were put down for asking, the police pretended they had all the answers but that night fires broke out in the city and the next day the Public Safety Building and the City Building were under armed guard by nightstick-twirling cops.

T. Harvey



Ounce of Prevention

And if an ounce isn't enough, maybe just a couple ten-ton tanks and some mace to be doubly sure.



THE FOLLOWING ARE COMMENTS MADE BY VARIOUS LEADERS AND ORGANIZATIONS ON LBJ'S CALL FOR A HALT IN BOMBING AND ANNOUNCED WITHDRAWAL FROM THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDACY.....

Sandy Leigh, speaking from the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) office in Washington, D.C., believes Johnson's move is "a cheap political trick, a bid for a mandate from the people." He said "SNCC will continue to do what it has been doing regardless of who gets in."

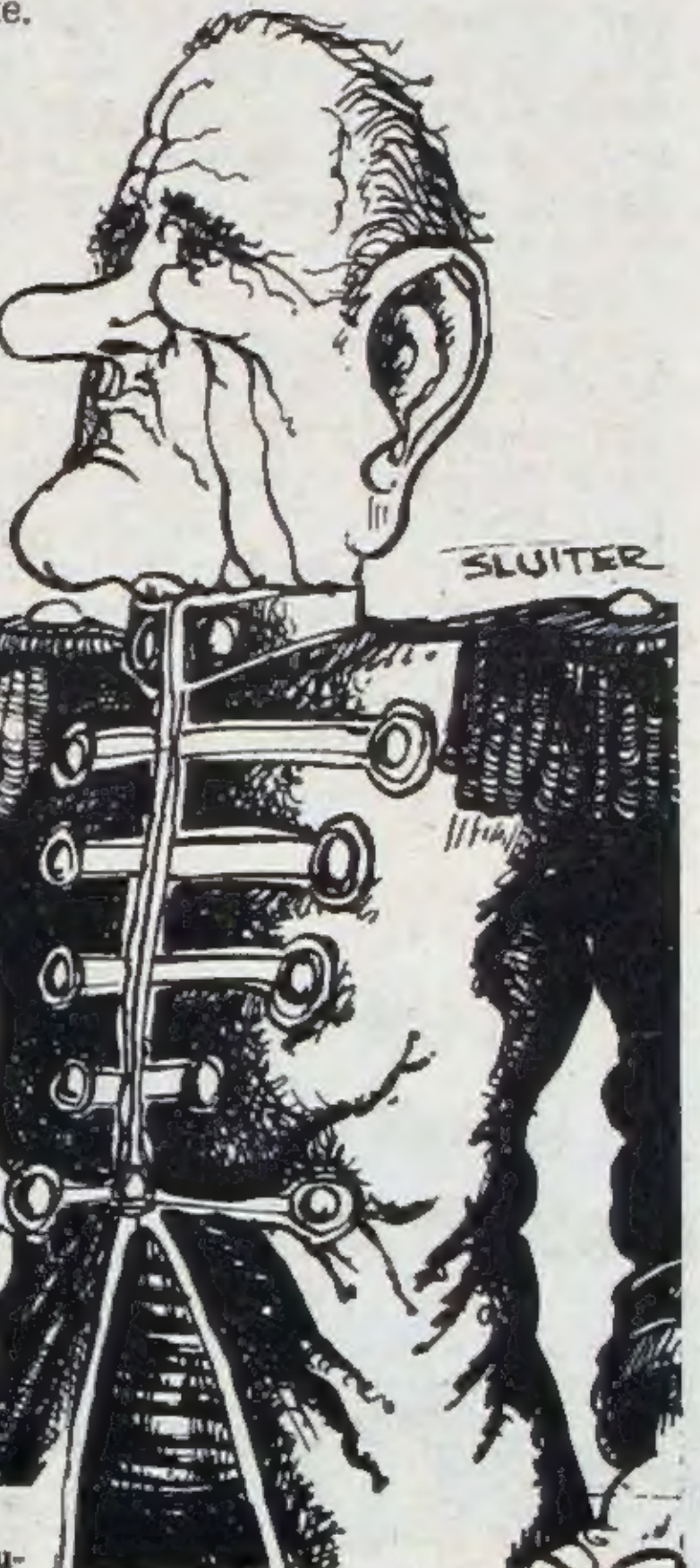
Carl Oglesby, a former president of Students for a Democratic Society, finds the present situation mercurial, probably a blend of (a) defeat of LBJ by more sophisticated elements of imperialism; and (b) tactical retreat by LBJ in order to keep his options open to do as he pleases, especially in regard to putting down ghetto rebellions and to smashing the left.

With regard to the movement, Oglesby thinks it will address itself more to racism than to the war: "this must be the scene of the main action because it is out of reach of liberals like Kennedy, who can't solve the problems of the ghetto."

Peter Henig, a new left activist, agrees with Oglesby that Johnson, by backing down now, leaves himself the option of returning to a deteriorated situation later on in which he can take strong, even fascistic, action. Henig also thinks the movement must move away from relying on other people's wars of liberation and concentrate on domestic manifestations of imperialism, i.e. demanding an end to the imperialist uses to which the universities are put.

Speaking for the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, Bob Greenblatt states that Johnson had to say he wasn't running in order to make his peace offensive believable. Whether or not he runs remains to be seen. Because Johnson is now taking essentially the same stand as Kennedy, Greenblatt does not see the antiwar movement being co-opted into Kennedy's camp. Moderates in the movement will probably stick to McCarthy. No one in the mobilization committee is plan-

ning changes in their actions for April. Dave Dellinger of Liberation magazine stresses that "the powerful forces that got us involved in Vietnam are still in basic control of our country and until they... are repudiated there is the danger of further military adventures at home and abroad." He credits the "active and vocal opposition of growing numbers of the American people" with having brought forth "peace" candidates McCarthy and Kennedy, but urges them, "in view of the weaknesses of the potential candidates, to continue to insist not just on an end of the war in Vietnam but on a reversal of American domestic and foreign policy of arrogance and paternalistic interference in the economic and political affairs of foreign countries and of black and other poor people in the United States."



ing changes in their actions for April.

Speaking for himself as a Yippie, Jerry Rubin states that "Johnson hates Kennedy more than he hates Ho Chi Minh. He has robbed Kennedy of a crusade; he can now sit on the sidelines." But "change in the faces of royalty will have no effect on Yippie. Chicago will still be a stage and we actors. The Democratic Convention is still a death convention, because it is still debating How Many Blacks and Vietnamese Will Die."

Youth Against War and Fascism (YAWF) sees the move as an attempt by big business to give U.S. imperialism "a new face." Johnson, having been discredited by the recent Vietnam victory, is a liability to the ruling class which wants to "divert militant movement out of the streets, disintegrate militant opposition and unite the anti-war program through the safe channels of their two-party system." Warning that "imperialism still breeds war in Asia, the Mideast, and around the world," YAWF sees the demand of the antiwar movement as still being "the immediate and unconditional withdrawal of U.S. troops and we see no indication of that being the case."



BELLINGHAM!!! PROTEST



Bellingham, one of the last stops on the underground railroad to Canada and home of a thriving hip community, has been having its first experience of demonstrations the past week. Monday there was a teach-in on the Western Washington State College campus. In the middle of the teach-in, 60 participants moved into the recruiting office to protest the use of campus property by the military. The use of police was threatened but never carried and all but nine left before night. Those nine who stayed the night face "academic discipline". Tuesday 150 set in and four went on a hunger strike until the military leaves. The Army left after the first day, the Air Force cancelled altogether, but the fighting Marines are still sticking to their guns. Further demonstrations were planned until they leave.



The Rev. William Sloan Coffin, Dr. Spock (presently under indictment together for conspiracy in counseling draft resisters) and probably Muhammad Ali, will speak at the UW on Memorial Day, May 30. Non-students may not be permitted to attend.

The event, called "Vietnam Convocation," is being run by the "ad hoc Committee for a Vietnam Commencement." However, in order for the general public to be invited, it must be an "educational" affair sponsored by a department.

Although there are departments

willing to sponsor the Convocation--Zoology, for example--the Administration has arbitrarily ruled that the sponsoring department must be "germane" to the topic being presented. (Presumably experience is merely sensory bombardment until it has been filtered through the appropriate department--at which point it becomes "education.")

permission to use the Edmondson Pavilion has been requested and is still pending.

DESPITE ALL OBSTACLES, THE EVENT WILL BE HELD ON CAMPUS SOMEWHERE SOMEHOW ON MEMORIAL DAY!

BLACK on WHITE WHITE on BLACK

I have just returned from Berkeley. Upon my return I was asked to attend a meeting looking to the establishment of a "vigilante" committee in the district. Guns--and all that. Again, from the vantage point of having been there before, I ask you all to stop and think.

Black cats come into the district to burn dealers. Why do they come? Being denied the fruits of our affluent society blacks have no real choice. Are we to join the ranks of their oppressors? Are we and the Blacks going to kill each other as The Man stands by--laughing! Down in Berkeley they have been working on an answer. I'd like to tell you about it and propose it as an alternative to armed madness.

All over Berkeley one sees whites wearing Peace and Freedom Party buttons, Free Huey buttons, Black Panther buttons. Blacks and whites work together in the PFP to end racism and the suppression of all men. People have come to understand that we share a common fate. Huey Newton is in prison for killing a Pig (cop) i.e. defending himself. The same pigs who lay a club on the head of a Black lays that club on the head of a head. Defending Huey is defending me.

Draft resisters burn their cards in Provo Park, Berkeley, to the music of a

head band. The pigs are nowhere in sight... they know better!

Bobby Seal speaks to a crowd of White and Black... in the Student Union Building. The administration dares not ban the meeting supporting draft resistance... not if they value their peace. Blacks and Whites stand together to defend their freedom.

Berkeley, Oakland, and Seattle are armed camps. In all the pigs patrol like they are in conquered territory... shotguns, teargas and helmets. Resistance in Oakland and Berkeley is organized. Here we still play the Man's game. We pack our guns to kill each other. There they know the real enemy. Let's learn their lesson.

Go out to your Black brothers and offer your gun in the common cause. Work together to defend your common interests. The power of the establishment understands nothing but power. We all know out of whence power grows.

To the extent that we can achieve our end--freedom--by working through the political structure... by forming a Peace and Freedom Party... we should. To the extent that our freedom requires resistance... we should resist. Most important, let us not fall into the trap of racism.

What I am saying, baby, is take it easy... but take it!—Jerry Klein

DRAFT COUNSELING

John L. Hodge, Draft Counselor, American Friends Service Committee.

Most college seniors and first-year graduate students cannot expect deferments after June. Anyone who asked for and received a student deferment this year will not be eligible for the III-A deferment for fathers, except under conditions of extreme hardship. Most local boards do not consider it an extreme hardship if an inductee's family has to go on welfare.

There has been a three-fold increase in draft counseling at the American Friends Service Committee office since January because of this critical situation. More men are being forced to consider the four main alternatives available to them: Canada, conscientious objection, jail, the Army.

Persons with B.A. degrees usually can get legal permanent residence status (landed immigrant status) in Canada, but this is getting increasingly difficult. Persons with B.A. degrees have to arrange employment in advance. It's best not to go up on a student visa to avoid the draft. The situation changes often, and anyone planning to emigrate to Canada should get in touch with the Vancouver Committee to Aid American War Objectors, Box 4231, Vancouver, B. C. (604) 738-4612, or with one of the other committees in Canada.

Most people make a mistake in not applying for classification as conscientious

objectors because they believe they won't get it. If they don't apply, they won't get it. If they do apply, they might get it. Some people are getting 1-0 classifications, and some of these are not religious in the conventional sense. Anyone planning to apply should act as soon as possible. It is necessary for them to get the Handbook for Conscientious Objectors and counseling, if they are to have a decent chance. Both Handbook and counseling are available from the American Friends Service Committee, 814 N.E. 40th Street, Seattle, ME.2-0502.

Jail isn't so bad if you get a sentence of 6 months plus 2 years suspended. You may well get such a sentence if you transfer your induction to Portland or Oakland, and refuse there. If you refuse induction in Seattle, you'll get Judge Beeks, who gives 5 years.

Or--consider the Army. Don't count on a desk job. Don't count on not being sent to Vietnam. Don't count on the war ending. If this war ends, others are brewing.

JESSE FULLER
APRIL 13 8PM
MASONIC TEMPLE
\$2.50



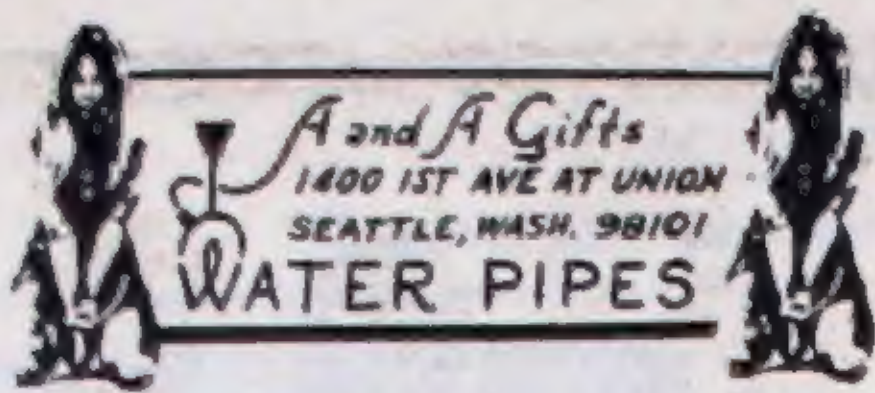
once more the round

A little over a year ago the Seattle Police Dept. slowly strung a dragnet out through the City Schools. Out after pot heads they on occasion searched lockers, took students aside and alone, without counsel and with all the harassing tricks of appeal to false witnesses, lists of names, threat of imprisonment, suspension et al, attempted to get information and informants. Eventually, a large reaction to these methods caused the ACLU to build a report on the testimony of students and parents which more or less put the business to an end after it had already done most of the damage.

Since then the Supreme Court has ruled that juveniles are the holders of the same rights of due process and counsel as adults. But not generally discouraged by Court decisions, the police are at it again.

At Renton H.S., students are being interrogated unadvised of their rights. Statements have been given to Renton Students to sign indicating that they have never smoked pot and asking for the names of any friends or acquaintances who do. One student reported to the ACLU that she was taken into the principal's office, set upon by the police with a little slip of paper which bore her name as a pot ingestor. They summarily grabbed her purse and searched it. Like a wise suspected head, she kept her cool and there was nothing in the purse. Several Renton students have contacted the ACLU.

Up on Queen Anne Hill, similar questionnaires have been given to Jr. High students asking for the names of students that smoke pot. The parents of one student reacted by called the ACLU. And that baves the whole matter back where it began last spring.



HELLO

HELLO!!

WE ARE VERY HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE TO YOU THAT MASTER SUBRAMUNIYA, GURU AND FOUNDER OF THE HIMALAYAN ACADEMY....

will be visiting and speaking here in Seattle.

Further information is available at the Addresses below....

((((we should help to pay master's travel expenses. Donations will be accepted at the below addresses. All donations are anonymous, of course.

THANK YOU.

FREE UNIVERSITY...40th NE and Brooklyn
CHAPEL HALL MEDITATION ROOM...Jones Bld.
Room 410-A. 3rd and Union.

LEA switch PLEA

Notorius Jim Lea, his pockets loaded with everything imaginable, was quietly finding his way back from the Robin one night. He faused in front of a store to reflect for a moment. The cops passing by noted his suspicious dress and unusual manner and arrived at the conclusion that he was intent on burglary. They stopped him, searched him, found everything imaginable in his pockets and arrested him on the charge of the possession of narcotics. Mike Rosen, ACLU lawyer, came to the rescue and informed the prosecuting attorney that if those charges were filed, the blatantly illegal nature of the search would have to be made public. In an effort to avoid disgracing the police for carrying out a false arrest, the prosecutor finally charged Lea with possession of a concealed weapon: a three-inch mini-switchblade of the type used to clean fingernails and open letters. Lea's trial was held Tuesday April 9 and he was given 6 months probation.



Ap. 27

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR THE APRIL DAYS OF RESISTANCE

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY -- APRIL 19-21

Draft Resistance, Students for a Democratic Society Conference (Call DR at Me 2 2463 for info.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 20:

Seattle Women Act for Peace car caravan. Rally at 10:00 a.m. at Green Lake N. between 55th and 50th. Groups of cars will go leafletting at various shopping centers.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21

Be-in on Hippie hill. Featuring bands, folk singers, and guerilla theatre.

MONDAY, APRIL 22

7-8 a.m.: Leafletting of 27 high schools of the Seattle area. 5:30-7:00 a.m.: Leafletting and picketing at the induction center. 9:00-5:00 p.m.: Leafletting and picketing at the Selective Service office. All day on the U of W campus: Fund raising carnival featuring skits, political games, and NLF recruiter.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23

All day open forum: U of W campus. Leafletting and picketing at the induction center and Selective Service Office.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24

Fast to protest the Vietnam War-UW campus. Vote on Vietnam-UW campus. Leafletting and picketing at the induction center and Selective Service Office.

THURSDAY, APRIL 25

Mock war crimes trial-UW campus. Leafletting and picketing at the induction center and Selective Service Office.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26

UW campus: Student strike, Rally--1:00 p.m., Leafletting and picketing at the induction center and Selective Service Office.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27

March and Rally: Assemble: 1:00 City Hall park (Yesler between 3rd and 4th). March: To northwest corner of Seattle Center. Rally: 3:00 at Center. Hear: Mitchell Goodman (indicted with Dr. Spock) and others.

PRIMA

IT'S NOT EVERY DAY
A GREAT POET COMES BOPPING BY

READS

Diane O. Prima, a great American poet will be passing thru Seattle on Saturday, April 20. With her will be John Braden songwriter; singer. A reception in their honor at which they have graciously offered to "Entertain the good people of Seattle", as she put it to me in a letter. The event will be free and open to everyone. The location will be the home of Monty West, 2222 Crescent Dr. (off 23rd, first light up the hill after Boyer, turn right, on your right). The time remains uncertain at the deadline of this issue, so please telephone Ma 4-8489 for that information.

D. Prima has been publishing her wonderful magazine THE FLOATING BEAR for years. She is a founder of Poet's Press, Inc. Some poems of hers I caught in Guerilla, a UPS paper. Her published work includes: A book of translations from the medieval latin, DINNERS AND NIGHTMARES, THIS KIND OF BIRD FLIES BACKWARD, THE NEW HANDBOOK OF HEAVEN, etc. Some of these titles are available in the ID. The other bookstores ignore her. So do all the other local frauds and refugees who want you to believe their bag is poetry. You know who I mean, Bentley. All university and north-west-dichtung executioners of art are especially cordially invited if they now wish to quit writing for the P-I, shut up, and pursue their own individual enlightenment.

See you there!

Khoi Phuc

MILITARY BRAWL

(NOTA: one sentence insertion on S.I.L.)

The Student Involvement League of Seattle University (S.I.L.): a liberal organization designed to fight apathy on campus by promoting international peace, universal civil rights, destruction of the myth of monolithic communism, academic freedom, and the general involvement of students in the crucial matters of our time; past sponsors of a debate on the Viet Nam War, a seminar on how to avoid the draft, two Be-Ins, and campus speeches by Costigan and Spellman, now applying for affiliation of Students for a Democratic Society and working through the combined efforts of its thirty-five members for the nomination of McCarthy for President, will present the MILITARY BRAWL on April 20th--the same night of Seattle U's "Military Ball" downtown at the Olympic Hotel--with music by the RUM RUNNERS, Light Show, and all that psychedelic technology, with the theme of "HOW MANY DAYS IN YOUR LIFE?" (Theme of Military Ball is "A Day in the Life.") to run from 9 to 12 p.m., costing 50¢ taking place at the Seattle U. Gym to follow picketing of the Military Ball downtown at the Olympic Hotel from 8:30 to 9:30. (Nota: second sentence) Those picketing will then march from the Olympic Hotel to Seattle U. where they will triumphantly enter the gym with their banners, and having marched, will be admitted free.

WAR? .. PEACE?

who will you vote for on
the Democratic ticket
for U.S. Senate this
year?

ART DEWITT:

peace & freedom candidate

WARREN MAGNUSON:

Boeing hawk candidate?



DRAFT TEST

San Francisco—The defense of 70 men indicted a few months ago for refusing draft induction has turned into a major constitutional challenge to the draft itself. Defense lawyers have entered pretrial motions for dismissal on the grounds that the draft is unconstitutional in its denial of due process and its discriminatory policies and decisions.

The defense is being carried on by the San Francisco Lawyers Panel, a pool of legal talent recently organized to defend draft resisters. Some of the lawyers involved are Grosman, Leonard, Shapiro.

The indictments in the Bay area included a wide spectrum of resistance: thirty Jehovah's Witnesses, whose religious refusal to perform alternative service has disqualified them for CO status; several men seeking CO status under the Seeger decision which removed belief in a Supreme Being as a qualification (a decision usually ignored by draft boards) and various political resisters.

The defense has launched a multi-faceted attack: they are arguing that the draft is unconstitutional under the involuntary servitude provision of the 14th amendment, it violates the freedom of conscience as guaranteed by the 1st and 9th amendments, the draft violates the right to due process because the only means of appealing a draft decision is refusing induction, draft boards deny the right to legal counsel in hearing appeals, boards are never made up of any inductees peers, draft boards are not composed equally of whites and blacks and (according to the commission) have drafted twice as many qualified blacks as qualified whites out of a population in which the whites outnumber the blacks.

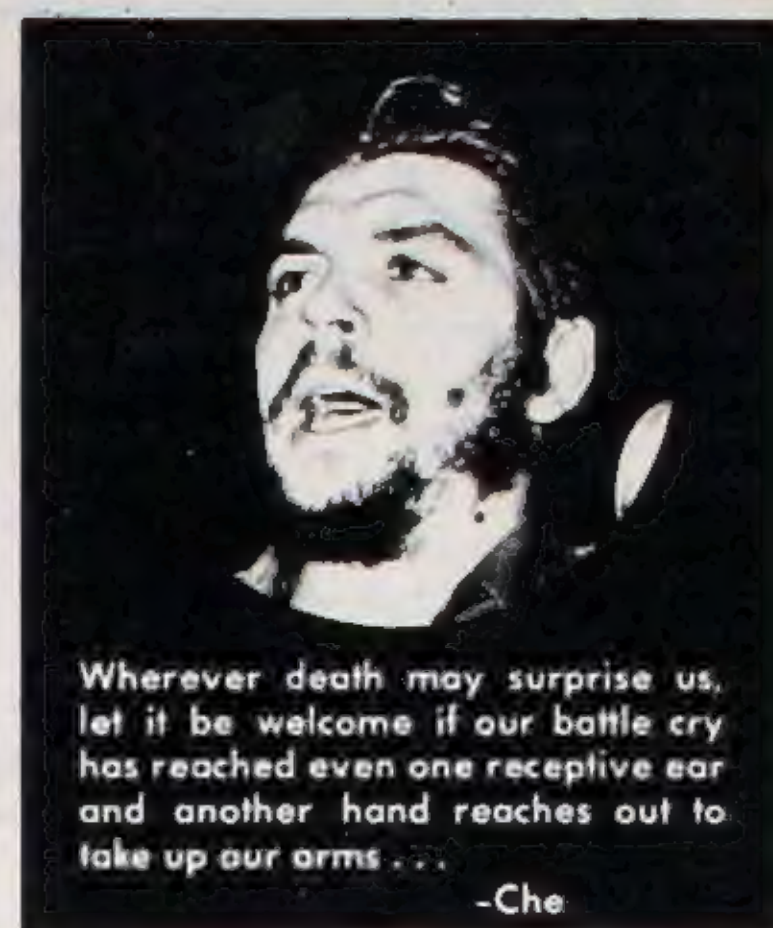
These motions will be argued before District Court Judge Alfonso Zirpoli (see article on Phil Melman in this issue of the Helix). Zirpoli has publicly voiced his disturbance over the war and recently suspended the sentence of a draft resister provided he work in the community as a condition of probation.



Berkeley, Cal., Contrary to popular belief none of the violators of the U. S. Selective Service code are being sent to the maximum security Federal prisons such as at Leavenworth or in Atlanta. Those violators who maintain their position of resistance are sent to the minimum security camps of the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

Minimum security camps are very similar to the U. S. Prisoner of War camps of World War II and to many of the county prison farms. The inmates cultivate their own crops, raise livestock, and carry on the other basic needs of the artificial community. Sentences for draft resisters average 32 months, which usually means 14 months after good time and work time are subtracted. Some are also paroled.

Anyone contemplating martyrdom to the Selective Service should know before that they will receive less than really satisfying punishment.



Wherever death may surprise us,
let it be welcome if our battle cry
has reached even one receptive ear
and another hand reaches out to
take up our arms...

—Che

The Laotian government stronghold of Thak Hek has been completely cut off by the Pathet Lao. Sixteen nearby government posts were seized in March by the guerrillas. Thak Hek, near the Thai border in central Laos lies opposite a U.S. airfield just inside Thailand.

Units of the Mozambique Liberation Front (Felimo) broke through the Portuguese defense line in the south of Niasa Province and entered the Zambizi Valley, thus opening a new front against the Portuguese. Fighting is also going on in the Tete area.

A clash between guerrillas and Venezuelan soldiers occurred March 15 in the mountains of Falcon State, some 350 miles northwest of Caracas. One guerrilla died and three soldiers were seriously wounded. The combat took place while the soldiers were pursuing guerrillas who had occupied the nearby town of Aragua two days earlier.

Molotov cocktails exploded four of New York's largest department stores March 30. Although the damage in New York was minor, the fires occurred one day after a wave of blazes in four Chicago department stores causing millions of dollars of damage.

Dynamite shattered at least 30 windows of New York's Whitehall induction center March 30.

Almost 50,000 federal troops stand guard in seven major US cities in response to a weekend of rioting following the assassination of Martin Luther King.—from the Guardian

New York—Students in the Columbia University graduate school whose education is interrupted because of military service, or because of a jail term for violation of Selective Service rules, will be readmitted without loss of credit, according to an official university announcement.



wood-engraving - m. c. escher, poem - m. bergstresser

PACKAGE FROM X

San Francisco, Cal.—Last November federal agents arrested Philip Melman for violation of the narcotic laws. In the process of seizing hashish, LSD, and opium, they discovered and impounded a large amount of radical political literature.

Philip Melman is seventy-five years old. He spent the years between 1922 and 1926 in San Quentin on a charge of criminal syndicalism. His active political life spans the years of the IWW, the depression of the industrial union drive of the thirties, and the post-war period. He has been a head for sixty years. In an interview with Bob Novick of the San Francisco Express Times Melman related the details of his arrest:

"It was the day before Thanksgiving and I had company for dinner. The doorbell rang and a postal inspector (dressed as a letter carrier) delivered a package. I accepted it even though it was addressed to Mrs. Melman, who has been dead for years. When I opened the parcel there was a pound of hashish inside.

A few minutes later the door gave way and the narcos came in. They handcuffed everyone and started to search my house.

I asked if they had a warrant and the agent watching us replied that if they needed a warrant they would get one. Then I mentioned something about the Constitution. An agent said that 'the Constitution wasn't written for assholes like you.'

I told them that anything they found in the house belonged to me and that my guests didn't have anything to do with it. They found some opium and acid.

We went downtown and they interrogated me. They wanted to know where I sold the dope. I told them that I never sold any. Then they started trying to build a big case by connecting anarchism, communism, the IWW, Mao-tse tung and dope.

After a few hours they took me before the U.S. Commissioner, Mr. Goldsmith. I told him about the arrest procedure and he seemed disturbed. He released me on my own recognizance. They also returned some of my books."

Last Friday Philip Melman appeared in Federal Court. Over the strenuous objections of the prosecution, Judge Zirpoli threw the government's case out of court with the comment, "they could have sent me a package also."



BEN CAT, South Vietnam.—One dead Viet Cong is worth three days of sunbathing at the seashore for some American soldiers hunting the guerrillas around Saigon, according to U. S. Infantrymen here.

They said soldiers who kill one or more Viet Cong in operation "Will to Win" are rewarded with three days at one of three U. S. rest and recreation centers on the South Vietnamese coast.—(Reuters)



TORONTO, Canada—According to the Toronto Anti-Draft Program, The Department of Immigration, Ottawa Canada, reported that 13,000 draft-age American males have immigrated to Canada in 1967.



Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Education for the Black Panther Party for Self Defense, was wounded during an hour and a half gun battle between the Panthers and police. Cleaver was taken to a hospital then transferred to two different prisons, as the police feared further fighting. Writers and editors in New York and San Francisco sent statements of concern for Cleaver's safety because of "the open hostility of Oakland police toward Black militants." Bobby Hutton, another Panther leader was killed and two policemen were also wounded. Another eight were arrested as participants in the battle.



WASHINGTON—The suit brought against Selective Service chief Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey for his letter recommending that draft protesters be reclassified has failed, at least for the time being. An appeal is planned. Hershey's letter to the nation's 4,084 draft boards last Oct. 26 brought the legal challenge from the National Student Association, Students for a Democratic Society and Campus Americans for Democratic Action. The suit was denied by U.S. District Judge George Hart, who said the letter "had no legal effect whatsoever" and that individuals who felt their status was unfairly changed could appeal through the Selective Service system and the courts. Melvin Wulf, the American Civil Liberties Union lawyer handling the case, said the decision would be appealed on several grounds. He argued that the directive had a "chilling effect" on the rights of freedom of speech and that the "recommendation" bore a good deal more weight than the government claimed.

CD-SIT-IN

A recent strange chain of events: on April 4, Trollice Flavor was suspended from Franklin High School by the Vice Principal for allegedly fighting in the halls. At 10 a.m. Friday, 75 to 100 demonstrators entered the outer office of the Franklin principal, among them Carl Miller, Elmer Dickson, the Gossett brothers, and Trollice Flavors. The demonstration was reportedly peaceful, the only damage was a sink which cracked when sat on. The principal shut off the intercom to his outer office and quietly dismissed the rest of the school. According to one source the police arrived after the students had left school. They surrounded the building with squad cars, the white emergency van containing various anti-riot gases, foams, and other devices was parked on the basketball court across the street. Somewhere in a nearby building long-range police cameras were taking pictures of the demonstrators through the windows of the office. After the police cordon was drawn up, the principal calmly announced that the police were waiting. The demonstration broke up peacefully.

A closed door meeting Monday between Miller and the School Board Officials resulted in the reinstatement of Flavor and the whole matter seemed to be resolved, although Police kept a close watch on Franklin during the week with as many as 15 squad cars at one time. Finally on Thursday after the School Board consulted with the prosecuting attorney, warrants were sworn out, and arrests made. Carl Miller was arrested while on the phone in the Student Union Building at the U of W. Elmer Dickson and Trollice Flavor, and the younger Gossett were taken out of study hall by police officers, searched in the hall, handcuffed and taken to squad cars. Larry Gossett turned himself in after talking with Mike Rosen, ACLU council. Bail for each of the 5 arrested on adult charges of unlawful assembly was set by Justice Court Judge Starr at \$1500. The hearing at which bail was set was packed with sympathizers, even hippies who wore "those teeny weeny glasses," the judge remarked afterwards.

Work of the arrests spread around town. At a meeting the Municipality League's Urban and Social Problem Committee, an attorney Peter LeSourd and Reverend Kataguri reported on the arrest of Miller and asked for donations toward his bail. Amazingly \$1500 in checks and large bills was raised almost immediately. LeSourd and Kataguri went to the city jail, but the checks were refused as payment. After LeSourd was refused permission to talk to Miller, he went down the hill to find a Bail Bondsman. Reverend Kataguri was finally let in to see Miller who told him to save his money. Carl didn't want the bondsman to make \$150. 10% is the normal bondsmans fee. The pair finally went home about midnight after hassling with jailors for three hours. That morning it was reported that Mayor Braman called someone in the Municipal League and asked what business the League had in raising bail for hardened criminals. By Friday morning \$10,000 had been offered by various organizations and churches to pay the four defendant's bail. (The youngest Gossett was bailed out Thursday night by his parents).

On Friday morning the ACLU filed a writ of habeas corpus in the Superior Court of Judge James both to insure a hearing that day and to avoid causing trouble among the judges at the Justice level. This guaranteed a hearing with Judge James and allowed the ACLU to plea that the bail set as the rest of the nation mourned the death of Martin Luther King, the Black Panthers, the Members of SNCC, filed by rows of sheriffs guarding the halls of the County Building to hear Judge James release all four on their own recognisance and deplore the use of the bail as a punishment rather than as an insurance. Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Kinzel, sent downstairs to handle the case by Prosecuting Attorney Carroll, was upset at the judge's ruling to say the least.

Meanwhile back at the police labs demonstrators had been identified from the telescopic photos taken. The ACLU has heard of nine students suspended on grounds of partaking in an unlawful assembly. The AP News service has heard of fifteen boys and one girl. School is out for vacation and official sources are out of town. Other repercussions: The Vice Principal who originally suspended Flavor has been voluntarily reassigned. The prosecuting attorney is disturbed that Miller et al were released on their own recognisance and is reportedly pressing hard for an immediate trial. Efforts have been made by the prosecution to have the juvenile defendant, Gossett, brought to trial with the others, i.e. on adult charges and in adult court.

The School Board and the Prosecuting Attorney's

GREAT WHITE HEAP: TWO

There is no doubt in my mind that there will be violence in Seattle not this summer, but as of April 4, 1968 when again as in the past 400 years one White man's inability to grasp blackness caused him to destroy his only hope for non-violent racial harmony.

Naturally, there will be cries from the alleged moderate Negro leaders (i.e. Rev. Adams, Sam Smith.....) that violence is not the way to solve the negro problem, but unfortunately these people do not realize that there are enough black people that believe it is not a negro problem anymore. The Black militant in Seattle is putting blame where it started from, right in the Whiteman's lap. Not only will the white liberals and black moderates in Seattle continue to remain the great lethargic force they are, they also will continue to ignore the under "35" black man in Seattle. As evidenced recently at the Franklin High School incident, young black people in Seattle are acutely aware and interested in their role as inheritors of problems their parents refused to face. While their parents stay inside the house this summer and eat watermelon, watch T.V. their sons and daughters will be taking care of business. (All you naive people let your imagination take over for awhile.) While the Black liberation is labeled as vandalism by the Establishment's two faithful newspapers (P.I. and Times) the black man's mind can only psychologically and strategically prepare for the ensuing battle.

With the likelihood of violence very high, I'm sure Chief Ramon is not naive enough to believe that all the black people in Seattle are idly sitting back hoping for the negro leaders and politicians to effectively restrain the Black liberators in Seattle. Most Black people in the Central District realize that they are to be treated as a hostile minority in the coming racial warfare. Because of the Police Department's attitude's, it should be alarming that more whites and more Blacks are arming themselves. The whites seem to be preparing for the inadequacies of the police Dept., and the Blacks are anticipating wanton attacks by Ramon's guerilla-like patrolmen.

Although not speaking from a leadership capacity I would assume that the most sensitive area that the white city-councilmen face right now are:

1. passing of an uncompromising open housing law
2. a relevant curriculum in Black community schools
3. jobs immediately for hard core unemployed
4. formation of truly representative police Review Board
5. revision of jury selection system to provide non-whites in Seattle opportunity to view judicial processes in action
6. more recognition by all city leaders of present Black youth movement in the Central District especially when major changes are to be administered in the C.D.

In my movement around the city I have been asked by numerous white people what can they do. For all liberal white people if you really want to do something constructive post bail for a Black Brother in jail who is economically unable to do so. Most liberals believe that integration is the key to racial harmony, however to this date integration in Seattle and elsewhere has been a one-way street. If you are a white liberal and you believe in integration move into the Central District, send your kids to Black schools, etc., in any effect come see how we live and then you will recognize the apathy that bombards the C.D. in 1968.

Black people in Seattle will ultimately come to grips with those negroes that wish to compromise i.e. Adams, Smith and then we Blacks that advocate freedom without reservation will be able to resist genocide against Black Americans. Seattle will wake up one morning soon and realize she has finally shaken the cobwebs of complacency. In Seattle Black people want and will get land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice, and peace by any means necessary.

Gary W. Owens

Office can hardly be congratulated for their hard-nosed pursuit of the outside agitators and demonstrating students. The timing of the School Board could hardly have been worse even if it was only coincidental with the slaying of Martin Luther King.

The cause was popular, the grievance settled, the issue dead. Some official somewhere must have an interest in drawing attention to the Central Area schools and their problems. Certainly they don't hope to convince the public that 100 outside agitators are causing trouble in an otherwise peaceful area. (In fact militants are angry because the Friday Sit-In was held with little advance notice to the students of Franklin. If there had been notice perhaps the response would have been even greater). Nor can the Board hope to discourage the future occurrence of demonstrations and sit-ins by at first granting their demands and making arrests later.

It has been suggested by a recent letter to the central area newspaper FACTS that business interests downtown view with favor Forbes Bottom's efforts to close down the Garfield-Franklin and primary school complex entirely and bus the students to other schools in the name of integration. Some Negro leaders have quietly approved of this plan for it would ultimately result in the final depreciation of property values in the area and the purchase of the land under the Model Cities Program or the CAMP implementation of FHA 22/B. Both programs, according to the militants would end in the destruction of the Central Area as a distinct cultural unit and defeat their plans for the construction of Black educational and cultural centers.



REQUIEM FOR A DREAM

8

Darrell F. Williams

Martin Luther King is dead. An assassin's bullet snuffed out the life of perhaps the last black man who would ask white Americans to make the enunciated ideals of justice and equality of opportunity work for black people and seriously hope for a positive and meaningful response.

In Seattle, thousands of whites came out of their segregated neighborhoods after their segregated Sunday services to pay integrated tribute to a black man who had the courage to maintain a course of nonviolence in a turbulent sea of hate and racism. Dr. King gave his life in pursuit of the impoverished myth of a democratic America with justice and equality for all.

Dr. King was a brilliant man of sterling character. He acted with patience when lesser men would have struck out in rage at the obduracy of a racist system. But the man who won the Nobel Peace Prize when his country was fighting an unjust and undeclared war against the people of a small undeveloped nation was the principal spokesman and symbol of an idea whose time has come and gone. The "civil rights idea" has come and gone as a means of stirring popular support and action, especially in the black community.

Martin Luther King occupied a lonely position among black leaders. Black power militants had little use for the tactics of the old civil rights idea. The price in physical abuse and sacrifice of personal dignity was too great, the rewards too few and too slow coming. From another side he was attacked by the "moderate" black leaders like Whitney Young and Roy Wilkins. They criticized his opposition to the War in Vietnam on the grounds that such criticism hurt the progress of black people at home. Dr. King had to walk a tightrope while attempting to find a way of reaching the black masses without forsaking the principles on which he had risen to his position of leadership.

The nonviolent demonstrations and massive marches that had been successful in the South did not work in the North. The unworkability of this approach became evident in the streets of Chicago. In the urban ghettos of the North, with time running out, nonviolent methods did not work.

Although he never endorsed Black Power, Dr. King was not directly and openly critical of it. And he later moved toward different tactics in his appeal to whites. The old method of appealing to whites on the grounds of brotherhood and love and human fellowship was abandoned for an appeal only on grounds of utility and practical politics.

While not once advocating anything other than the principles of nonviolence, Dr. King, by implication, acknowledged the destructive power of an angry urban black with a weapon no more dangerous than a match. "Many white decision-makers may care little about saving Negroes, but they must care about saving their cities. The vast majority of production is created in the cities; most white Americans live in them; the suburbs, to which they flee, cannot exist detached from the central cities. Hence powerful white elements objectively have goals that merge with ours."

The moral or ethical reasons for whites taking part in any action to alleviate the plight of black people is not mentioned, only the "objective" factor of mutual benefit derived out of working toward common practical goals. Although still hoped for, Dr. King's "Dream for America" had become a tactic for bargaining with the white power structure on more equal terms. The emphasis was not on brotherhood but self-interest. Black and white together again ... but for different reasons this time.

Martin Luther King is gone. No new black leader cast in the mold of the Nobel-prize-winning minister from Georgia is on the horizon. Meanwhile, the nation is rapidly exhausting its alternatives as it heads down the road toward civil war. Black Americans are seeking psychologically more healthy outlets for the frustration of 400 years of existence in a racist society. The aggression is no longer displaced. It should surprise no one that whites and all the symbols of the power that they hold over black people should be the logical objects of aggression.

Black power is a very conventional idea. The white establishment press, knowing the violence and racism of white power, has created the impression that black power means the same thing. Stripped of its rhetoric, the concept of black power is simply a bolder expression of the need to augment black influence by developing black institutions, ranging from economic enterprise to organization for political power.

The "integrated" institutions in the black community are integrated only in the sense that they are dominated by whites and make use of black human and material resources to serve white interests. Unless a power base is built in the black community, black people will never be more than a nominal participant in any coalition with whites. Black leaders will be powerless. They will only legitimize programs which benefit those who take the wealth out of the black community as fast as it comes in. Dr. King was aware of this. He knew that even the principles of nonviolence will not work in a situation of powerlessness. The power of nonviolence is its potential to shut down the essential functions of a system. Black power can bring pressures to bear for genuine concessions because it has strength to bring to an alliance.

The summer approaches and the mood of the country is explosive. White America, after spending two million dollars of everybody's money to learn that it was racist, screams for more law and order, the law and order which relegates black people to the position of a disenfranchised and outcast minority. White America rejected Martin Luther King's dream for a peaceful social revolution. Another chance will not come soon.

The fires are burning. Next time is now. If the United States continues to police the world while neglecting the root causes of the grave social problems at home, it will be a triumph of hope over experience if the republic should survive.



Sweet Jesus \$ \$ Sweet Martin

Plastics. That's what we're going to be remembered for. The nation that could preserve anything in plastic. Shiny, hard and eternally fixed replicas of reality more real than rep because frozen in mid-moments of mid-breath too delicate to contemplate without first having removed the threat of life now and then intrude a corner of consciousness that only vaguely remembers the now dimmed but then charged emotion which mindlessly prompted and justified the assassination of time. And now we've done it to Martin Luther King. Plastic-coated him I mean. We always knew we'd assassinate him. Standing tall in an aura of plastic radiating blue-white love the little swirling chips of dry praise rain gently down after we've violently turned the great-coated figure upside down and then righted him on the hollow black base of our own manufacture. See the Doctor. See our rewards define him. See the quality of our imitation define us. See us be black, southern and religious. At least until baseball season. And whatever we can't be, we'll buy. Or tape for television so sullen-souled sons of B. Franklin can watch pridelessly as small politicians rape passionlessly the memory of a black Man and then excoriate his flesh with words, word, words until white at last--Oh, Lord God A'mighty, white at last. Spare him no sacrilege. Send a bouncing ball tripping over the words of his songs. Remember now that o-o-o-o-l-d spiritual that you used to know and love as a boy in Ballard. Of course. See how easy. All join hands. Spin those prayer-wheels. Two for a quarter. All fall down.

David Hood



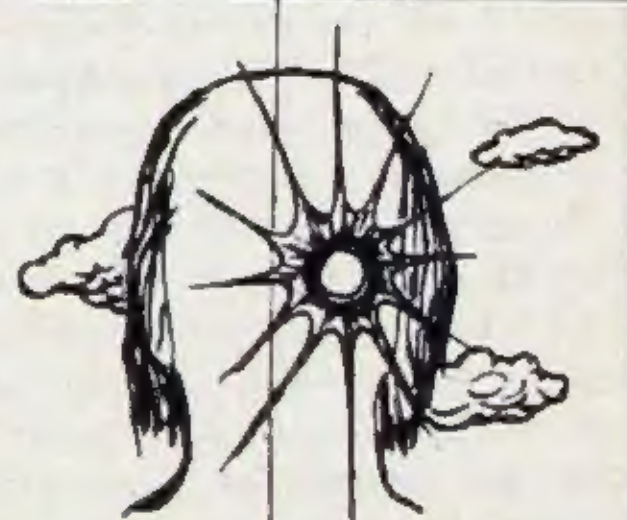
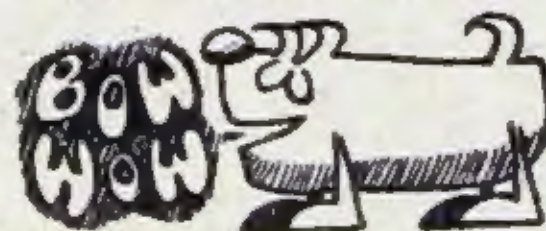
NEED HELP?

Open Door Clinic

The door at the ODC should remain open, at least for a while longer.

An outdoor art and hookah sale on March 30th, with the addition of private donations, netted the Clinic \$600, which should at least pay operating expenses for the remainder of the month.

A benefit dance is planned for some time in the future; however, contributions are still needed and may be sent to ODC, 3800 12th N.E.



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THE ELECTION-HIGH IS A BAD TRIP

by Jerry Rubin



Many of my friends expected to be in concentration camps by the end of summer. Some expected to be gunned down dramatically in the streets of Chicago in August while yippie-ing at the Death Convention. These visions lead to caution, and one sometimes feels like he is living in Russia in the early part of the century.

There is a knock at the door. It could be the agent with our number up, and it could be a messenger bringing the news that Kennedy and McCarthy are going to fight it out for leadership of the anti-war movement! What a fuckedup country—we expected concentration camps and we got Bobby Kennedy.

I am more confident of our ability to survive concentration camps than I am of our ability to survive Bobby. Concentration camps capture our bodies temporarily but set our spirits screaming; Bobby injects a nerve gas into our veins, putting our body and spirit to sleep. The media overwhelm us with the reality of Bobby and Gene, and drug us into identification with THEIR thoughts, arguments, trips, crusades.

Elections in America are a mind-poison.

The energy for a mass, people-movement in which we begin to trust our own ideas and impulses, depend on our own strength, face the dilemma of making our own world . . . that energy is oozed out of us as we become voters, door-to-door vote salesmen, and spectators in the country's greatest theatrical event: the elections.

Elections are authoritarian, the subjects elect their kings.

What's wrong with America is that her total institutions overwhelm her people into impotence and isolation. We all live the dream of the celebrity-candidate. Yet only massive populist revolution can liberate the imprisoned soul of the people of America. Revolution is not a result, but a process. In revolution man liberates himself and becomes free, creating and discovering his own identity.

Elections are modeled after the sports world. That's why they are so mind-capturing. Candidates compete in contests which build up drama and suspense as The Day approaches. We are all baseball fans who vote for our team. The winner! The loser! The front pages read like the sports pages. We the masses do not participate; we give consent; we argue; we root; we take sides; but we are little more than bystanders in a mass athletic spectacle and it's called democracy.

The twinkles in Bobby's eye compete with the dark brows of McCarthy's face compete with LBJ's large nose competes with the uncompleted sexual act of JFK competes with Dick the Car Salesman competes with Johnny Carson competes with . . . is this what the Founding Fathers intended?

The most aware action toward the elections is (1) not to vote;

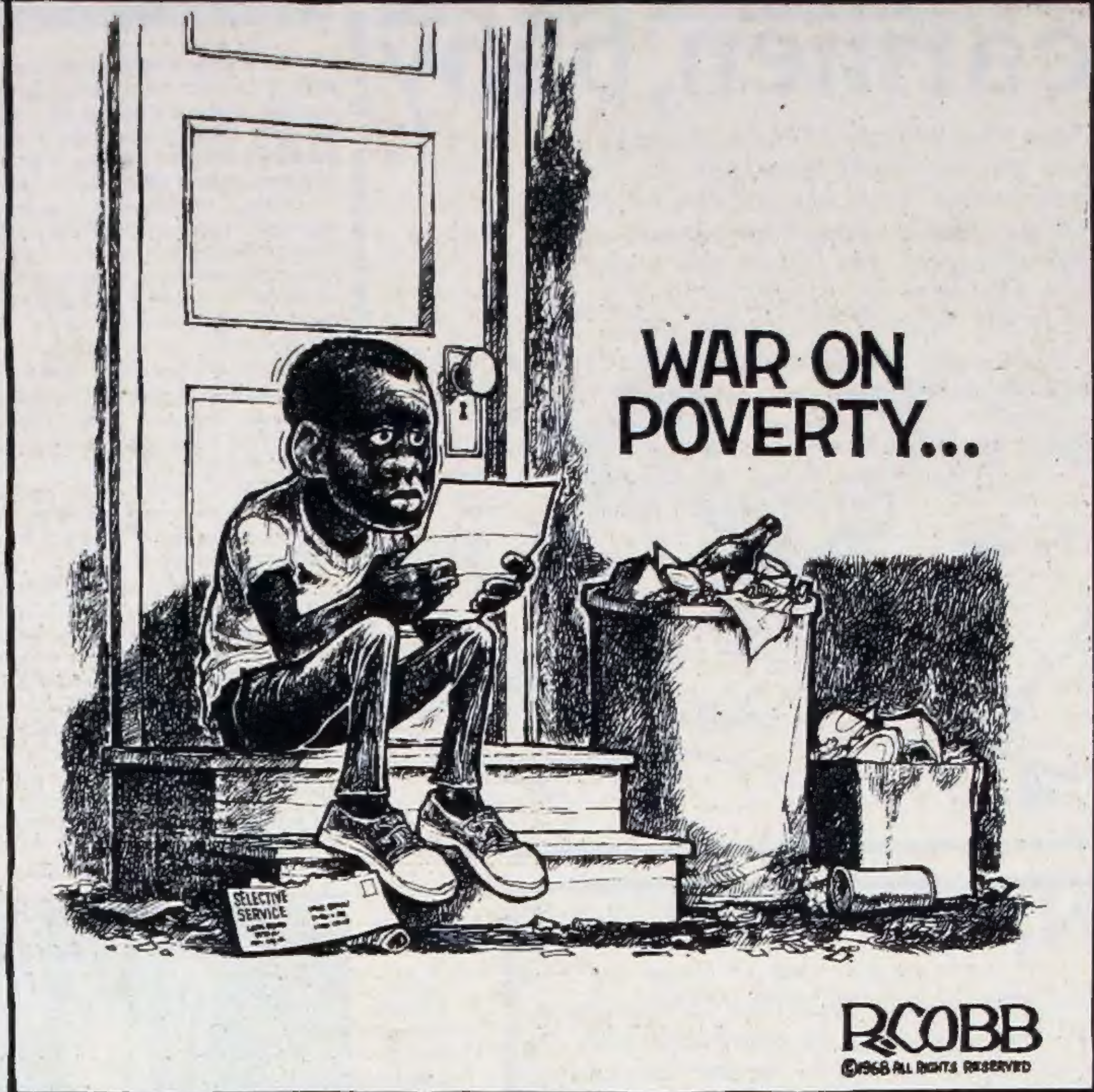
(2) to vote for yourself, a national "Vote for Me" campaign; (3) to vote for a close friend. The yippies may nominate a 300-pound pig for president. His program is garbage. After nomination we will eat him and become the candidate. The only answer to an absurd system is absurdity and laughter, followed by anger, and then absurdity and laughter. Anything else is playing by their rules, and their rules are oppressive and fixed-in-advance.

I ran as a candidate for mayor of Berkeley last spring and fell almost unconsciously under the drug of the election-system. In order to answer the streetcorner question: "Are you serious?"—sort of a pre-condition for people listening to you—I had to concentrate on the commodity, soap-disguised-as-votes. I should have said I wasn't serious. I should have used the election purely as a stage for farcical theatre. I should have dropped out of the race a week before the election and encouraged people to vote for themselves.

The purpose of political life is to free the spirit and energy of man. Vietnam is a symptom of the American disease; the war is a symbol of violence and domination less dramatic. Vietnam is the mirror to understanding Detroit and South Africa. Our goal is to transform the quality of American life, the distribution of power, the content of the culture, the forms of decision-making, the top-heavy organization of institutions, and the tiny influence individuals have over their own lives.

Dealing with repression is far easier than dealing with toleration and sweet bureaucracy. In reaction to the LBJ madness, America may be due for a national regeneration, a new FDR-type period, the end of wild rule by guys like Hershey and Hoover, and the triumph of public relations-liberal parents-dollar-capitalism. This will mean a crisis for the repression-atrocity-oriented movement. For whites the alternative is a national youth underground with new values and life-styles—the pot cigarette its symbol—an underground exploding in creation but badly seeking definition.

In the end, however, reform will lead to revolution. America proposes to us, but she cannot complete her promises. Reform creates hope, widens expectations, and then an inch demands a mile. JFK was a creator of the New Left. Bobby is going to invite us over for dinner and we are going to sleep with his wife, give his kids pot, and steal his money and send it to guerrillas at home and abroad. Today's shaved nice McCarthy-RFK collegians will be tomorrow's yippies.



DETROIT—Like Zolton Ferency, Timothy Leary has "no desire" to "go to Chicago to sing another chorus of 'Happy Birthday, LBJ.'"

Ferency, the former chairman of the Michigan Democratic Party, has called for "an open (1968 Democratic National) Convention." Dr. Leary, one-time Harvard professor of psychology, is less committed to traditional political rhetoric:

"If Richard M. Johnson, er, Lyndon B. Nixon; you can't tell them apart—replacable parts—wants to get into that convention, he's going to have to come barefoot, with flowers in his hair."

The occasion for Leary's remarks was a lecture co-sponsored by Detroit's underground paper, The Fifth Estate, and Wayne State University's paper, The South End, on Feb. 28. Before the lecture, delivered to a capacity crowd in Wayne's Community Arts Auditorium, Leary met with the establishment press.

He told them that "the menopausal, whiskey-drinking adults want to stop young people from having fun." He said that he has "taken LSD more times than anyone else in the world" but, if it can be proven that the drug is dangerous, "I will apologize."

In answer to one reporter's question about who Leary will support for the U. S. presidency, Leary replied "that turned-on black man, Dick Gregory."

With the assistance of Detroit Edison, Trans-Love's MC-5 introduced Leary with guaranteed-psychedelic-electronic-supersoul. Wearing an orange turtleneck knit, tan pants, and barefoot, Leary strode on stage to sit crosslegged next to the podium.

He told his audience to prepare themselves for "the revolution."

"There's going to be a revolution in August all over this country," he said. "We're going to stop the entire menopause machine," he promised. "We're just going to laugh together."

Leary was referring, of course, to the Youth International Festival planned for Chicago in August. It will occur during the week of the Democratic convention (Aug. 25-30). Estimates range between 100 and 500 thousand youths who will flood Chicago for a rock concert, street dances, guerilla theatre, workshops, and underground press activities.

Chicagoan Dick Gregory has also sworn that "a convention will be held over my dead body" if a strong open-housing ordinance for Chicago is not passed beforehand. A Black Power conference is also being planned in the city for that week.

"I'm here to talk about the August Revolution," Leary said, "the last week in August will destroy the menopausal machine with one beautiful compulsive laugh." Leary added: "The time has come for us to communicate with each other. We're not going to form any political party, we're simply going to communicate."

This may sound illegal," he said, "but we support life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." He said that Labor Day, 1968, will be just that—a labor day on which there will occur "a rebirth" of traditional principles.

He enumerated his "three messages:" "The oldest message of all—love is where it's at;" "Your only hope (to get back to your body through chemicals) is dope;" "and, in the next six or seven months, you've got to cop out or drop out."

He said that there are now four groups seeking freedom in the United States: the peace movement; black people; turned-on kids; and women, who "really want to make love, not war." And he warned against allowing the formation of what he called "a federal police state" led by "that 80-year old virgin, J. Edgar Hoover."

"Anyone born after 1940 belongs to a new species," he said. He added that we are now in a period of "religious renaissance" and the Beatles are the "four evangelists" of that movement.

Young people must, according to Leary, bear the burden of overthrowing "the machine." He credited television with making youth more aware of the world outside. "Television blows your mind," he said. Parents made a mistake when they set their children in front of TV sets, he said.

"Television brings space and time into your life."

"The machine needs duplicate parts . . . It can't stand individuality." To destroy the machine you must "drop out."

"The easiest thing to do, beloved robots, is to cop out . . . you know: blow your nose, click-clack; comb your hair, click-clack; Wayne State, click-clack . . . You've never been trained to be free, but you can do it. God gave you the brains."

"There's going to be a revolution in this country in the next seven months," he said. "This confrontation of forces will take place."

"Just keep in touch."

carmen, baby!

from the makers of I, A WOMAN, has the dirtiest previews ever seen and is the film equivalent of Playboy. If any movie should be banned for debasing sex, this one should be but it won't be, so go see it at the NEPTUNE THEATRE, in large mixed crowds, stoned, and laugh very hard at it. RBD



Ed Hassler's letter in the last issue really interested me, even if it was the 5,249th letter I've seen since 1965 bemoaning the uselessness of demonstrations. I think he's wrong in several respects about the October demonstration. Further, I think he's wrong in his attitude towards what's an effective anti-war act and what's not.

Firstly, he says the original purpose of the October anti-draft protest was disaffiliation from the Selective Slavery System through draft card turn-ins and destruction. I believe the demonstration's organizers, Draft Resistance-Seattle, specifically rejected that tactic. The October DAGS was a political demonstration of a mass character, not an individualistic act of conscience.

Draft card burning is a useless act politically. It doesn't bring the war to an end anymore than a march does. Right now there are lots of guys in the can for draft card destruction. These men may be at peach with themselves, but they've had no political effect. Draft card burning is useless as a tactic; it doesn't attract attention anymore, it doesn't gum up the war machine, it doesn't reach new people; it does nothing. It's an individual act of moral conviction and effects really, only one person.

Civil disobedience, like draft card burning or sit-ins, is not going to end the war. A lot of people discovered its limited usefulness during the civil rights movement.

I gather that Hassler's favorably impressed by Jerry Rubin's "Yippee" thing planned for the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in August, not many anti-war activists are. Given Chicago's power structure, the importance of the Democratic Convention and the Chicago police the Y.I.P. Festival has real potential for turning into a nightmare. Mike Krossman's piece in the Berkeley Barb about three week's ago helps put Rubins plan into perspective. It would be great if the Helix would reprint it; it could keep a lot of people from going to Chicago and getting hurt.—George Arthur

LETTERS

Dear Sir:

In the swirling darkness of our forgetting, we neglect the 8 year old boy who died Christmas day, and whose legacy is a pure and golden jewelled autumn morning.

We murder: Not so much our brothers as ourselves, in rejecting the virgin sexual radiance which smolders and burns like dying embers, orange, in the black voids of our consciousness, and impels gently to open armed submission to rape by infinite naivete.

April 27th is the day; To reclaim lost innocence and valor. Let our children show us the way home.

Please consider my request to be excused from drill on that Saturday

Please consider my request to join those who love you on that Saturday

Draft-Resistance Seattle will coordinate the assemblage of unbroken free spirits. On that day you too should be in the street asserting your divinity.

Respectfully,

PVT William R. Hafer

N.Y. - CIRCUS

The Crome Syrcus after a rare performance with the Joffery Ballet company in New York and an appearance with the Doors at Bill Graham's Fillmore East returned to Seattle for awhile before continuing on to SF and San Diego.

The final story on the Yippie Spring In held March 21 at Grand Central Station. 6000 Yippies showed up and then the police attacked. The cops blocked all the exits and sent flying wedges of club wielding antiriot forces through the crowds. 57 were arrested and 20 were sent to the hospital. Police shoved Ron Shea, 22, through a plate glass window. He cut every essential nerve and tendon in his left hand. Doctors say he may regain use of his hand in six months.

left to right Robin's parents, Robin, Country Joe, Country Joe's parents, a friend, foreground, a friend.



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MUSIC FOR THE HEAD BALLET ON IMPERIAL RECORDS

LP-12377

The ID Bookstore, where I work a couple of days a week, carries a paperback entitled THE NIGGER BIBLE. The jacket portrays the contents as liberating Negro Literature from White Bullshit. After reading 40 pages I concluded that this was achieved through the substitution of Black Bullshit. But the book itself is irrelevant here.

One dismal Seattle day last week I sold a copy. The customer, a black man with long hair and the inevitable pair of shades, appeared in a hurry, so I took the book, scribbled out a receipt, and returned it and the man's change as efficiently as possible. He glanced down at the book and then at me and barked, "Put it in a bag (boy)!" He didn't say the last word. He didn't have to; it was understood. As I obsequiously slid the book into a sack, all Hell exploded in my brain and continued to storm long after he had left the store. "I should've said, 'I beg your pardon!'; that's what I should've said! Or maybe I should've..." But why didn't I respond naturally, respond as anyone would to such unmitigated rudeness? Because he was Black.

Because he was Black with a capital 'B' and not just another customer, another human being, I allowed myself to be intimidated. The same thing happened at the New Politics Convention debacle in Chicago last year. The same thing is happening to every White Radical in this country.

We stand in awe of the Carmichaels and Joneses, and fire-bombed slums that have replaced the watermelons, spirituals and Martin Luther Kings as our symbols for Afro-American culture. Before our new gods we perform a masochistic rite and tickle our liberal consciences,



for deep in our hearts we do believe that someday we shall overcome...

The guilt which many whites sense is all too real. I can remember when as a petit bourgeois brat of 6 how I would occasionally vent my fury on our black housekeeper. Yet I loved her very much and even as a child regretted those racist outbursts. Was I a racist? Only in the sense that I was growing up in a society saturated with the poison of racism, a toxin which I as a child inevitably absorbed.

The acknowledgment of such past behavior is painful but imperative.

I still cringe when I recall my viciousness as a so-called "innocent". Racism, both latent and manifested, thrives in the dark, humid recesses of our subconscious and if we are to root it out, we must expose it to the light of conscious awareness. So long as we live in the shadow of our racism, the Blacks will remain in the shadow of our oppression.

To survive in that shadow, Black Culture has had to forget much and to repress more. Severed from its history, denied the life blood of tradition, Afro-American culture has paid a cruel price for adaptation. But now that culture is desperately seeking to reestablish the lost continuity, to remember its past, to regain its pride and perhaps, to divine a future.

Black Power seeks not revenge but resurrection.

It is happening today because it could only happen today. All of American society is beginning to weaken, to falter. The social climate is in flux and today's social system, stiff and brittle with old age is losing its balance. Only the young, the flexible, both black and white, can adapt to the new, emerging environment.

Only by being Reconciled with our past, nourished by our traditions and liberated from our present can we survive in this new wilderness and forge a new ecology. The dynamic of revolution is constantly accelerating, propelling as towards this supreme challenge.

If you or I or our children are to see a new day, we must confront not only the reality surrounding us but also the reality within us.

"MCCARTHY!" HE GASPED LASTLY...

If one day when strolling the Ave. you encounter a short, bespectacled fellow with long, unruly hair, wearing a pale green bush jacket to which is pinned a peace pin, an anarchist pin and a "McCarthy for President" pin, please don't laugh at him--he's all too aware of the contradiction. The incongruity of his appearance belies little of the chaos within his brain.

Alas, I am that confused person. In direct contrast to all that I accept as to the nature and future of this society I am actively supporting the candidacy of Senator Eugene McCarthy for the Democratic nomination and for president of this country.

Eugene McCarthy began his political career by joining with Hubert Humphrey in purging communist and other leftist elements from Minnesota's Farm-Labor Party. Had I been a member of that party I would have been one of those ejected during this inquisition and I'm sure many regular Helix readers would also have been axed.

Yet McCarthy draws his greatest support from these same people. His appeal extends far beyond good-looks and an almost laid-back air of supremely cool intellectuality, for he has astutely gauged the mood of most American youth and affected an appealing style and platform. At the same time he exudes maturity and stability, attracting those older liberals repelled by Robert Kennedy's display of reckless energy and ambition.

McCarthy above all radiates altruism. He entered this campaign against everyone's advice, accompanied by the mocking laughter of the pollsters. But McCarthy had the last laugh when he galloped away with the New Hampshire and Wisconsin primaries.

He even appears to have, thus far, survived the monkey wrench hurled by President Johnson's "withdrawal" from the nomination race. By eliminating himself (temporarily at least) as a campaign issue and by contriving another "peace offensive" Johnson sought to hamstring the peace campaign. That Hanoi called his bluff has complicated Johnson's position, but not irretrievably. Hanoi was, of course, expected to ignore Johnson's generous concession of absolutely nothing. In fact the Soviet Union immediately condemned Johnson's move. But Hanoi, aware that by not responding they would undercut the peace drive and lend credence to Johnson's war policies, simply replied "We'll talk, anyway".

McCarthy and other doves also appeared surprised by this positive reaction, making timid statements when one would expect jubilation. Now, they are cautiously exploiting the negotiations. When such negotiations had no likelihood of occurring, they provided a good anti-Johnson ploy but now that talks are almost assured, support of negotiations is tantamount to support of the current administration. And if talks fail and the blame is successfully foisted on to Hanoi's shoulders, Johnson comes up smelling like roses, while the doves come up smelling like pigeons. In the case that the talks succeed, Johnson will be the hero, the peaceniks will be drowned out by the applause--and the convention draft.

McCarthy's position on the war is one of deescalation not disentanglement. Last year most radicals abandoned support of the negotiations position in favor of withdrawal. His candidacy could polarize the anti-war movement again, drawing the less radical back towards a milder position. It is not that McCarthy does not genuinely disapprove of the war, of course he dislikes it. After all, we are losing. However, he affords no guarantee that America will not continue, whether through economic blackmail, CIA intrigue or overt military force, to interfere in the internal affairs of other nations which by virtue of their social development undermine America's world domination.

On the urban crisis his solution is simple: money. Replace the old slums with high-rise beehives; create more worthless jobs; diffuse the black population and thereby defuse Black Power. In short abort the growing rediscovery by blacks of their unique identity by submerging them in the surrounding white culture.

McCarthy has simply reshuffled the Establishment cliches into a New Deal. A vote for McCarthy is a vote for the system and for the MAN.

Radicals contemptuously, and rightfully, snub McCarthy and his supporters. But they sometimes forget the pain and the anguish that accompanied their break with the System; they are acclimated to their virtual exile.

I was born in the System. Even though my parents were individualists and radical in their own way it was to the System that I aspired. It was there that I would perform my duty to society and fulfill my obligation to mankind. I would play the System's games because they were the right games, the only processes where by we could improve the human condition.

This was my faith. Each time the reality system assaulted my faith in it and the mortar of illusion gave way, the pain of recognition was overwhelming. Alone amidst those ruins I today stand, naked and exposed to the winds of insecurity and absurdity.

Many young Americans are experiencing the same torment. In a society undergoing revolution the process is irresistible. That many of them are grabbing onto McCarthy is understandable. One does not learn to swim all at once.

It is with these people that I feel a lost pleasure, taste an innocence I thought fully evaporated. I enjoy playing their games with them. For me it is my last chance.

I am not suggesting that you support McCarthy. I am not suggesting that radicals opt for the Democratic Party like the C.P. did in 1932 nor am I suggesting that we attempt to polarize the Democratic Party and draw off its left wing like the Trotskyists did to the old Socialist Party. I am not suggesting anything.

I am supporting Eugene McCarthy for President. I will turn 21 in time to vote November; it will be my first election, it will also probably be my last.

But, then, I always dreamt of the day when, at last, I could vote.

WALT

NOTE: PLEASE FIND ENCLOSED -- though less than embagged -- POEMS BY THREE POETS NOW LIVING: IN THE SEATTLE AREA. WE ALSO ASKED FOR A FEW THOUGHTS ON/TANGENTIAL -- to poetry in the NORTHWEST: please find. NOTE

how it's done is how it's done and can you dig it?



BEGINNING TO GET AROUND

I break up my women, altogether
they're hard on the mind:
now in pieces they return.

One continent away I check off
the details: from several a day
I peel smiles,
this one lost her legs to me
in mid-stride, that one has no notion
what her hairlength and color just cost her.
It's nothing to feel committed in the mind,
for crime or play bring a body along
to be sure you can get in, and get away.

If they knew how well they fit together
after each show, each promenade,
if they knew
my paste and scissors skip makeup
excepting tears, and fat laughter
and cuts out clothes,
if they knew I'd rather not go through
salted nuts by the can or a dump-truck
of pleasure, they'd not play usherettes,

there for sure they'd be, in uniform
setting thick ropes to my hands,
putting on the popcorn by the kernel
and never mind the butter,
thumbing their rednecked flashlights
down the aisles
to seat me precisely at either hand.

-- Paul Hunter

The great poetry written in Seattle last year went by almost unnoticed. Many of the people left town. I'm still here keeping up on new developments. It all came together thru the devoted labors of Charles Potts who is now continuing his magazine LITMUS from Berkeley. It was a tribe rather than a school we made when we found each other. We had readings in the Zigzag and stayed up late at nite to liberate our language and thereby our site and selves. We got inspired by each others work and thoughts and went on good trips with the pictures Hanako and Boddie were doing. And got stoned on the Collages of Jan Kepley he's now having made into posters. We were rite and no one liked us. We blew minds. It was a joyous trip.

It's not important to run through juvenile influences. It never is. The concerns of the professors are all irrelevant. How it's done is how it's done and can you dig it. The work itself is where to look. Poetry lovers have Steve Herold's good judgment to thank that it is still partially available at the Id Bookstore.

Read "obit mirage," "the argument from rat," "i dream of oaxaca," "prose dream," "rainbow beach," "i get laid," "throback" by Potts. Letter poems and "yes, Elaine..." by Clair Oursler. Lots of good stuff by Gino Clays, Kym Snell, Dawn, Karen Waring, Edward Smith, etc. Norm Sibum had a great thing "poem-may 22" in #4 along with two others. David Liatt's great work appeared in #8. Take it from there.

LITMUS people relate through the mails and otherwise with what's available nationwide. Diane di Prima will be passing through Seattle this month and I'll set up a reading for her. Look for the announcement. Pick up on her books and you'll dig the reading even more. She'll appear with John Braden on the songs and music. We've done the same for other indispensable tourists. Sorry they're always passed up by the universities.

Other scenes in this place I try not to worry about. They have their bags and bread and excuses. I try to keep my headstraight. I prefer a Royall Brougham four liner to an entire issue of TB. Brand X hooks to a national syndicate of the "criticism" nonsense and ignores even the most worthless local poets. They made the mistake of believing that if you ignore excellence it will go away. As it stands, my price to my enemies has gotten very hi. I need 2000 dollars to get me and my wife to Japan to continue my studies. Send checks care of the Helix.

KHOI PHUC

AMERICANS, THINKING OF RELIGION

(for James Wright)

It is,
they think,
a 1937 Plymouth, still rusting in a ravine.
Only the fieldmice inhabit the upholstery,
they make use of it,
living in the back seat
under blackberry vines growing through the windows.
One tilted front wheel
is sunk in the creek.
Rainbow trout swim through the spokes,
or rest
in the dark shadow of the hood: God's children,
headed upstream.

Robert Sund



SPRING IN ISH RIVER

I can hear the two robins
crying from an alder across the creek.
Overhead,
in the vine maple, I see the nest.
I reach up and feel the eggs lying lightly
among soft feathers.
I lift one egg out, lower my arm
slowly, and
stand still,
appalled: I see
the true shape of my hand.

Robert Sund

BIRTHDAY POEM FOR ELAINE

everytime I get happy

you're there

I care

to cover up

how much

the wish is on the wall

crossed

Clair said

my hearts in

flowers all

over & the walls spread

to hang the

days sweet like saying

honey soon

before we go to bed

haul the sliding door

collect us two in the bathroom

almost

singing the words

you make me

happy

I wish

to pick up from

your sanctuary in

"Room with Pink Rug"

my dark tub

our art gallery

tho Clair called

to pick up on

sentimental

standing by

waiting for bedtime

the walls

we wish

crosst

past

no hangup

-- khoi phuc

STUMPLASTING: A Northwest Poetics

Regionalism, a slip of the tongue biting Standard American English, a dirty word in the small politics of Poetry. Sticking to works, though, a mapping label for the spot where a considerable number of artists live and rub shoulders. Conceivably in the programmed Global Village we should have no more of such physical shenanigans; yet somehow the flesh convices of itself, poets sell better in person if at all, and they're never quite off the bottle they see through, love a fistfight.

Its first growth down and boarded, the Northwest comes subdivided, a twenty-by-forty bit of clearing with cutover pines and a view of the trimmed necks of lakefront homes. Pinecones that talk, thousands of edible berries, no poison snakes, totem poles that like must art rots and is replaced each twenty years. Roethke was with us.

With no more than an implied center, no feet to sit at, the Northwest is coming around. Such an anomaly: tame and backward. Yet the last five years have seen the inference in local poetry that it's just a step from Beauty Its Own Excuse to Pollution Its Own Reward. In the days of Roethke, half of each book would be Forms and half Poems. In any case you could tell which was which; it was what one did to keep going, nobody minded with such results. Yet Forms took hold for the exercise, as if bending down and then living that way implied you could also straighten up. What's coming on? A fulltime sense of history, a pressing of tender self-consciousness into Purpose, a waning spotlight on the birds, horticulture, fillanelle-sonnet-sonnet-rondeau, and the Yeatsian garden--water-tree-bone-wind-shroud-sky. May be just the Everett-Tacoma-Bremerton Navalyard Axis wafting in for the kill, just the old reality factor asserting itself; we can give it some credit. For the rest count a turnover in blood and temperament.

If there are no Masters (Stafford and Wagoner at cagey art without inside roles for apostles), neither are there at present many other real means of focus for resident talent. Portland does well with poetry readings, far better than Seattle, yet both are charged university efforts. There is no real Printing Press for live authors, though also no leadhanded Workshops in evidence. The best and only bets are in backrooms and Exits, the best blows in thinskin small magazines.

In sum, the Northwest Poem is deadlier than Would You Believe. There are still waters, rock formations, stumps and stumpholes that draw visitors here, and keep them poets. Perhaps they have too big a Thing to just tote anywhere, or in summer trust our fine sleeping weather. The poets like bears, close-eyed and clumsy, last by eluxiveness.

PAUL HUNTER

"Most of Sales is the Packaging"

Both we and the awesome masters bear forgetting handsomely; TV news rolls over till we're stuck unseated at last.

Plugged into the automat for dinner, those lumpy sentiments reproach us, appropriately killed like many a zoo dragon by the gawkers-- those who ate before others' eyes and knotted and tossed off at the moats their smiles.

Must what defends me house like soup cans, make the whole in use recognizably litter? In parliament, none calls the question hasty. Finish, toss, go round the prelocated hags stuffed to the throat with the unrecovered dead.

Our houses are measurably high, the number of floors you walk up; A Pentagon no one walker gets around in time. Golfcarts whirr through, polite as the gasping bears, indistinct at mealtimes from the paper talk.

--Paul Hunter

JEFF POLAND

founder of the Sexual Freedom League, and Stan Iverson and Steve Wagner-local Provos Poland quickly made himself comfortable...

HELIX: Why are you naked, Jeff?

JP: For the photographers. Don't you realize that media has replaced reality these days?

HELIX: You aren't naked, in reality?

JP: I don't know. This is not reality. This is just a photograph that you and I are engaged in; if you were to piss on the floor it would just be a photograph. In fact none of us here are morally responsible for what we are doing. Perhaps, Steve will kill all of us and it would just be a photograph. You have a license to do whatever you're notorious for doing.

HELIX: What have you been doing in Seattle?

JP: Fucking on microphone...it's really a lot of fun...well no, I came up here as a resource person for the State of Washington for Shoreline Community College because they need education and I'm educational.

HELIX: Did you take off your clothes at Shoreline?

JP: No, I'm chicken. I think they'd throw me in prison.

HELIX: What is the strength of the Sexual Freedom League up here? Is it going at all?

JP: That's really funny. There used to be an SFL here that was pretty active in an agitational way. And then it died out because the person who was doing all the work decided he didn't want to work on it anymore and now there's a really square group that calls itself Sexual Freedom League, Incorporated, which consists of middle-class people who just like to go to nude parties. They're not interested in challenging the system. I'm speaking of the SFL, Inc. which has its HQ in the Bay Area and members all over. 30 or 40 of them here in Seattle... you never hear of them because they're all sitting at home in their ranch-burger-motel suburbia type home wishing that someone here in Seattle would organize a nude party. So they could all get together for their party. If only one of them had the guts to organize something they'd get together and do it.

HELIX: Is SFL, Inc. the same one you began in the Bay Area and has since become Inc. with people hiding out in their ranchburger homes? Or is the Bay Area group still made up of free-floating hippie people?

JP: It grew out of what I was doing. You see, we always had several different organizations going, a movement rather than just an organization. Each group did things in a different way. It turned out that the middle-class way was the most successful way and so they're by far the largest organization. Some of the others have died out as a matter of fact.

When I was with it it was more of an agitational ticket for legal abortion and nude wade-ins for nude beaches at a city park in SF or up and making nude speeches like the Berkeley fuck controversy, and stuff. But these middle-class people aren't interested in confrontations with the police for some reason or another. They just have their parties and stay out of trouble and use phony names and so forth.

I want to talk about the sociological classes. That's a pretty unpopular topic with lots of people. They say how can you divide people into categories and be artificial and all crapped up like that, but I'm an old-fashioned Marxist so I don't have the inhibitions about being all artificial and analytical and crap. So I've been trying to think about dividing a start or a beginning toward some revolutionary theory for radical petit-bourgeoisie, the lower middle-class. Which, I believe, includes hippies and students and so forth. And it hasn't quite succeeded yet. In fact, I can't remember any of my ideas. Let's just erase that from the tape (laugh).

SI: There is a revolutionary movement in the US, actually there are two movements, one is the Negro revolution the black revolution and the other is the hippie revolution which is a moral revolution and which is based on an abundance, upon a tremendous outcropping of goods. It takes a new form. Actually, in Marxist terms, we can speak of leaps and there is a leap going on. In fact, what is being anticipated now is the Marxist's socialist man. A socialist man in the socialist world is



the guy who works all the time. He works a hell of a lot of the time, because he's in a system of scarcity. The socialist man is being created at the present time, only he's called a hippie and the Marxists don't recognize him. He's the socialist's man that they've been talking about all these years. But we anarchists prefer to call him anarchist man as opposed to socialist man.

JP: Yeah, that's the cat, right. And this abundance has allowed him not only to lie around and get high and fuck and be a hippie but also has allowed him to march around and take lots of adrenalin and be a peace marcher and a super-leftist...who has never had anything to do with the working class. And to me the student or non-student political activist as they are called and the hippie are just professions--occupational specializations within being a young member of a new class which I like to call the mass intellectual or the intellectual proletariat. Although that's not so good. It implies that we work and that's not necessarily true. The historic role of the intellectuals was to be like some ladies' auxiliary to some mass movement. First, there was the white industrial working-class and it developed into the labor movement and then there were the socialists who helped to lead this mass. Another example would be in the '60's, the white intellectual had a role to play in the Negro movement of the masses. That sort of died out in '65, but let me tell you, I enjoyed it when I was a Negro leader. I was arrested in the Negro sit-ins in '60 about a month after they started. I was getting toward being a professional Negro until they decided to check the color of the skin at the door and that took care of that.

HELIX: What possibility do you see of combining the revolutionary fervor of the blacks and the new anarchistic living of the hippies? Do you think the war things are developing they'll stay separate, or that there's a chance for a dynamic combination?

SI: Personally I think they'll combine on issues but there's a big gap in perspectives among at least many of the black leaders and militants I know and the hippie view. The blacks are fundamentally responding in a classical colonial revolutionary fashion. There's a scarcity revolution. They want all this jazz, they want a ranch-type home out in suburbia. They've really hung up on it. And they resent hippies coming into the ghetto area and living in old houses which creates more housing problem. They don't understand why they're there. They've been living in poverty all their lives, hell, man, they want to get out of there and here the hippies are going down and living in this fashion. I don't see the two coming together very closely, except on specific issue, because there's a lot of hostility and narrowness. The hippies are a lot more tolerant than the blacks are. For example, the black movement on the whole is very intolerant toward women. In the sense that they are very male-chauvinist, very sexually jealous, as is true of almost all

cultures of scarcity, especially, extremely possessive of oppressed people. You can find the same thing is true of Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and so on.

JP: Let me get back to my earlier point. We're always serving as midwives to somebody else's revolution. First, it was the white workers, then it was the Negroes, next Mexicans, then we're trying the hillbillies in Chicago and so forth. By this I mean white activist organizers. But increasingly of course, each of these groups gets on its feet and picks its own leaders and says "thanks a lot, students, now, why don't you get back to the campus." This was especially rough on us when the Negroes did it. It was the right thing for them to do. It was what they needed, and we needed. But it was still painful to be kicked out of our role. Then, we should thank President Johnson. He did escalate the VN war in '65 so that we found something to do, we escalated the anti-war movement where we were not only the generals but also the troops. We were the masses to be mobilized 'cause there were not any other masses before except with the Freedom Socialist Movement maybe once or twice before. What this means is that there are now enough mass-produced intellectuals, by this I mean people that can read and write fairly well and read 5 or 6 books a year. I'm not asking much, on about the level of a college student since we have such mass educational system. So we can have an entire regiment, army, riot, insurrection, you name it, formed of these people who were formerly so rare that they



had to attach themselves to someone else's revolutionary army. This has grown in two ways. First in the anti-war movement which is huge, not just the radical college movement that we see, but also the people who are campaigning for McCarthy, joining Women for Peace or signing some little mild petition. They're all in the same thing. Like the active peace-marcher is on top of an iceberg which is lots larger--the educated opinion in the US on political issues. Well, I say, the hippies are also at the top of an iceberg, an iceberg of a spiritual or emotional revolution that is parallel to and overlapping the political revolution which we call the anti-war movement. It includes the guy on Madison Ave. who smokes marijuana and the suburban wife-swappers who are eating up psychedelic fashions as fast as the hippies invent them. That's the movement the hippies are leading and these two overlap and are both very large and growing. I think in the long run, the spiritual revolution is more radical than the political because it can only go to socialism, which is just another kind of industrialism, whereas the hippie revolution would probably go much further. People think that hippies have no political program. They should sit down and listen to them say "God, I wish I could move to the country" or "Wouldn't it be nice to get rid of the automobile?" Wouldn't it be nice to burn down the Safeway store and go and live on a farm? If all those things were done there would be a social and political revolution, tending toward anarchism, tending toward either the end of industrialism and going back to dirt-farming or to putting machines to run by themselves. So that you live out on your farm and once in awhile coming into the city to pick up a pile of free stuff that the machines have turned out while you were gone.

JP: Tell us some Provo ideas to do here in Seattle. Here's Steve Wagner. Folks. SW: Something, for christs sake. People are content to stand on 43rd and University and get stoned all the time. Do nothing.

HELIX: So you think that if the war is finally over that the mobilization of the white masses intellectual or political and spiritual reform will have received enough inertia to carry on directed against other elements of the society other than the war complex and eventually carry out a far-reaching major revision?

JP: That's kind of an acid test. I didn't expect this war to be over until late spring, '69, but it looks like now it's going to be over a lot sooner. I think the first result on the organized political left will be a drop-off, I think a lot of people will drop out of SDS, various peace movements, but they may drop into Bohemia. If they don't, they'll at least be there waiting for some sort of new movement to happen. Whether we will have the imagination to make that new movement then, I don't know. I think we might.

SI: I am not as optimistic about the end of the war as you people are. Because I think this whole Johnson thing is a gimmick. Now the North Vietnamese are using it against him. It was a ploy. I don't believe the establishment intends to end the war. We have no candidate for President who has pledged himself to end the war. We have candidates who have pledged to negotiate, to set up enclaves, etc. The time is approaching; we have a radicalized intelligentsia, in the US the college profs have been active around the peace movement, but now it's reaching a point where these people are going to have to decide if they are going to remain in institutions which are subsidized by industry, by Capitalism, by government, by the whole war complex, that they, by their presence there,

lend credence to it no matter how anti-war they are. Will they be willing to leave those institutions, go out into the streets, wash dishes if necessary, enter free universities and small institutions that are fundamentally schools of the street and get away from all this crap, this bull-shit? This is going to be the test of the American liberal of the old style. This is the reason some of these people resent the hippies so much, because they have already done this, they have left the institutions of organized society and are undermining it. They're doing the thing that these people in the Universities should be doing.

JP: I think that's true. It may be better to drop out of the university than to reform it, because especially if you don't have a really clear radical perspective of how you're going to reform it or revolutionize it. Then you get involved in a number of little committees. I've been in student government and it's incredible! In fact I've even served on a faculty senate in one place. All kinds of committees. Consider nice ideas for reform and it's like the tarbaby----. You hit the administration and they invite you to be on a committee and spend the next 9 months of your life talking. Holy Christ! If they drop out, then I think they have changed their relationship to the means of production. I mean that in a Marxist sense.

JP: The reason that people say that college students as such are not a class and therefore have no revolutionary potential is they are only temporarily in a certain position and they are dependent for their monetary status from their parents on the establishment through scholarships or something. But a hippie has changed his relationship toward the means of production. He is no longer economically a member of the middle class, once he drops out of regular employment, especially middle-

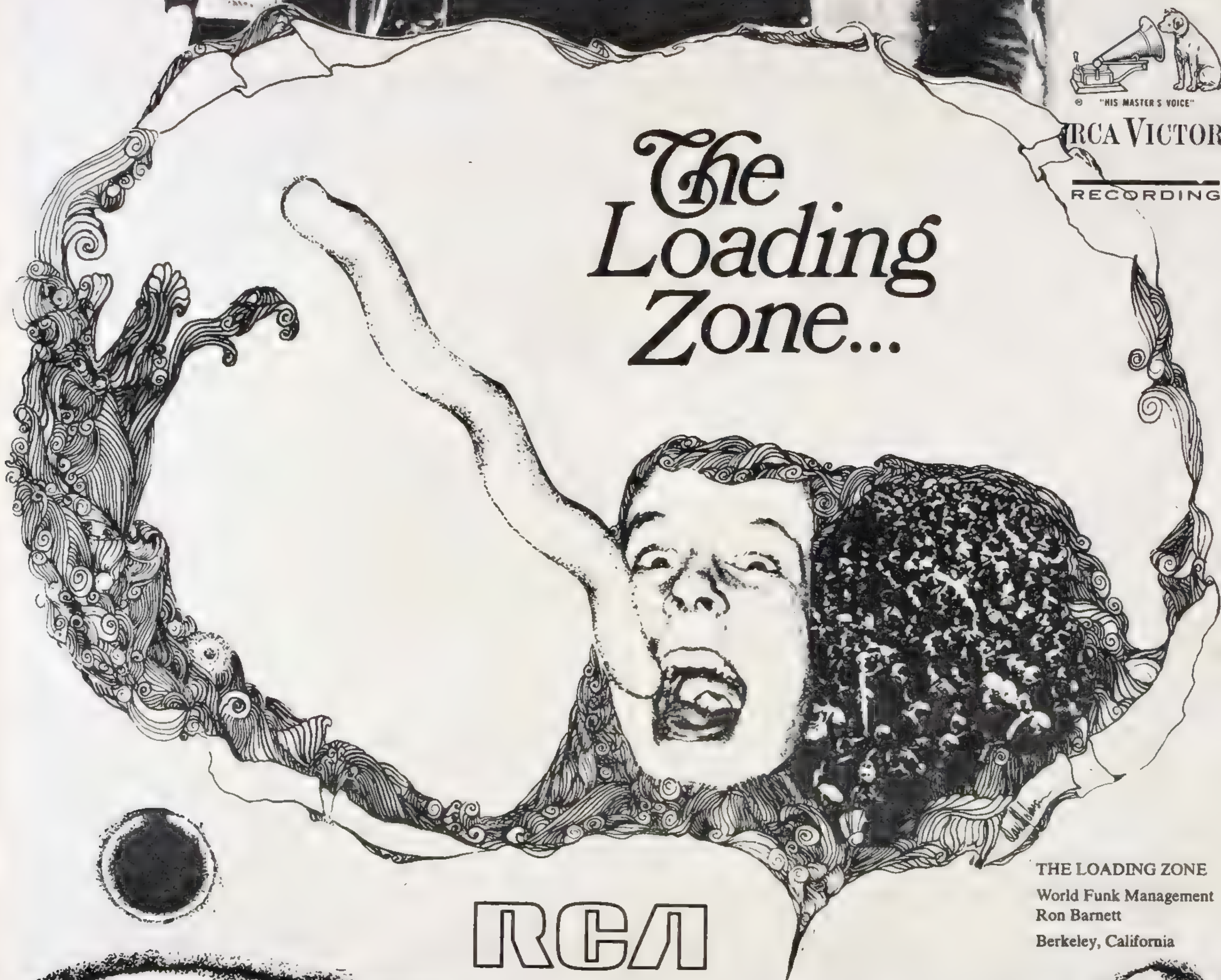
Cont. on page 19





RCA VICTOR
RECORDING

The Loading Zone...



RCA

THE LOADING ZONE
World Funk Management
Ron Barnett
Berkeley, California

SIDE 1

No More Tears (3:12)
Love Feels Like Fire (2:40)
Don't Lose Control (Of Your Soul) (3:21)
I Can't Please You (4:07)
Shop Around (3:50)
The Bells (3:55)

Personnel:

Linda Tillery, vocal
Paul Fauerso, organ, piano and vocal
Peter Shapiro, lead guitar
Steve Dowler, rhythm guitar
Bob Kridle, bass
George Newcom, drums
Todd Anderson, tenor sax
Patrick O'Hara, trombone
Drums on "Can I Dedicate"
by an old friend, Frank Davis

SIDE 2

Kali Yuga-Loo (3:23)
God Bless' the Child (4:45)
Danger Heartbreak Dead Ahead (3:34)
Can I Dedicate (9:37)

Public performance clearance—BMI

thoughts on the death of MARTIN LUTHER KING

by Giovanni Costigan

ADAPTED FROM AN ADDRESS AT THE EAST SHORE UNITARIAN CHURCH, BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON, ON APRIL 7TH, 1968.

THE PRESIDENT PROCLAIMED A NATIONAL DAY OF MOURNING FOR MARTIN LUTHER KING. IT WAS ALSO A DAY OF MOURNING FOR THE UNITED STATES - A DAY OF SHAME AND SORROW LIKE THAT OF NOVEMBER 22, 1963. ONCE MORE AMERICA WAS DISGRACED IN THE EYES OF HER PEOPLE AND BEFORE THE WORLD.

The slaying of Dr. King is not an isolated murder taking place in a political vacuum. Rather, it is the latest in a cumulative series of outrages each one of which, when it occurred momentarily shocked the nation; but none of which - not even the assassination of President Kennedy - succeeded in producing any real revulsion against the mood of senseless violence that has overtaken America.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY WAS PRECEDED IN THAT FIRST OF THE 'LONG HOT SUMMERS' BY THE MURDER OF AN IDEALISTIC MAILMAN, WILLIAM MOORE, WHO SOUGHT TO DRAMATIZE THE CAUSE OF RACIAL JUSTICE BY WALKING ALONE ALONG THE DANGEROUS HIGHWAYS OF THE SOUTH (APRIL, 1963); BY THE SLAYING OF MEDGAR EVERS, COURAGEOUS LEADER OF MISSISSIPPI NEGROES, SHOT DOWN OUTSIDE HIS OWN FRONT DOOR (JUNE 12, 1963); AND BY THE KILLING OF FOUR LITTLE NEGRO GIRLS IN A CHURCH ONE SUNDAY MORNING IN BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA (SEPTEMBER 15, 1963).

The John Birch Society, the Anti-Communist 'crusade of Dr. Schwarz, the 'Christian Crusade' of Billy James Hargis (the fundamentalist minister who once stigmatized as 'hogwash' the brotherhood of man), the National Indignation Convention whose headquarters were in Dallas - these and many other Right Wing groups, supported by millionaires like H. L. Hunt, diligently disseminated hatred over the air waves of the nation, poisoning the political atmosphere, and preparing the way for the murder of the President, a subject about which leading speakers of the Birch Society had joked for months in advance. Conservative papers read by respectable businessmen in places like Dallas did not hesitate to insinuate that President Kennedy was personally guilty of treason.

STUNNED BY THE SHOCK OF HIS ASSASSINATION, ONE VENTURED HOWEVER IMPROBABLY TO HOPE THAT AT LAST THE NATION MIGHT HAVE COME TO ITS SENSES, THAT AT LAST THE KILLING MIGHT STOP. BUT ON JUNE 21, 1964 THREE HEROIC YOUNG CIVIL RIGHTS WORKERS, - ANDREW GOODMAN, MICHAEL SCHWERNER AND JAMES CHENEY - WERE MURDERED ON A SUMMER EVENING AMID THE PINE WOODS OF MISSISSIPPI. THE CORONER FROM NEW YORK WHO CONDUCTED THE AUTOPSY ON THE BODY OF JAMES CHENEY, THE INTELLIGENT AND IDEALISTIC LEADER OF YOUNG MISSISSIPPI BLACKS, SAID HE HAD NEVER SEEN A HUMAN BODY SO BROKEN EXCEPT AFTER AN AIRPLANE HAD CRASHED INTO A MOUNTAIN. IT WAS ABOUT TWO WEEKS AFTER THE CORPSES HAD BEEN FOUND - FOLLOWING AN AGONIZING SEARCH OF FORTY-FOUR DAYS DURING WHICH SENATOR EASTLAND JOKED THAT THE 'BOYS' WERE PROBABLY PLAYING A PRANK ON THEIR GRIEF-STRIKEN PARENTS - THAT SENATOR GOLDWATER SAW FIT IN SAN FRANCISCO TO EXTOL THE VIRTUES OF 'EXTREMISM'.

After Mr. Goldwater's rejection at the polls the violence in the South continues: Mrs. Liuzzo was killed, prominent Negroes were bombed, churches and synagogues were burned to the ground. Individual consciences were roused, but the national conscience remained unmoved. Supine as ever and intimidated by pressure groups like the National Rifleman's Association, Congress refused to pass even the most elementary gun-control legislation. Small particular eddies of violence detached themselves from the swirling mainstream of hatred and engulfed their own special victims: Malcolm X in Harlem, George Lincoln Rockwell in Virginia.

perennial chickens of violence

MEANWHILE THROUGHOUT THESE YEARS - AS STILL TODAY - NIGHT AFTER NIGHT TELEVISION CONTRIBUTED TO THE BRUTALIZATION OF THE NATION BY ITS UNENDING VISUAL RE-ENACTMENT OF BEATINGS, TORTURES, STRANGLINGS, SHOOTINGS. TO THESE ENTERTAINMENTS THE VIETNAM WAR ADDED ITS DAILY QUOTA OF HORRORS, DULY RECORDED ON TELEVISION, SO THAT WITH THE EVENING MEAL ONE COULD WATCH PRISONERS BEING TORTURED OR SHOT, VILLAGES BEING BURNED DOWN BY NAPALM OR WHITE PHOSPHORUS, THEIR INHABITANTS ROASTED ALIVE.

Meanwhile the perennial chickens of hatred began winging home to roost - for although the evil results of evil deeds may be postponed, they cannot be avoided forever: hence came in 1965 the burning of Watts; in 1967 it was the turn of Newark and Detroit. In February, 1968, I. F. Stone, describing the burning of Saigon asked prophetically, would Washington be next? Soon the capital itself lay under a pall of smoke; looting was wide spread; whole city blocks were gutted; the White House and government buildings were under heavy guard. More than one city was reported on the verge of insurrection; 55,000 troops and National Guardsmen were alerted.

THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. KING SHOCKED THE NATION AND THE WORLD MORE THAN ANY SINGLE EVENT SINCE THE SLAYING OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY. FOR IF AT HOME DR. KING SYMBOLIZED THE STRUGGLE OF THE NEGRO TO BE FREE, ABROAD HE HELPED TO REDEEM THE REPUTATION OF AMERICA IN THE EYES OF THOSE WHO, LIKE ARNOLD TOYNBEE OR GUNNAR MYRDAL, WISHED HER WELL. IN 1964 THE AWARD OF THE NOBEL PEACE

PRIZE BROUGHT HONOR TO AMERICA AS WELL AS LUSTER TO DR. KING. HIS DIGNITY AND COURAGE WERE FELT TO COMPENSATE FOR MUCH OF OUR CONTEMPORARY BRUTALITY AND VIOLENCE. IN EUROPE HE BECAME A HERO.

To Africa, where - despite the impressive figure of Paul Robeson - the ordeal of the American Negro is not greatly understood or appreciated, the death of Dr. King brought grief as had done that of President Kennedy. Thus Jomo Kenyatta, President of Kenya, praising King as "a noble fighter for the freedom of Negroes," declared that his "untimely death had caused a wave of deep sympathy throughout Kenya, and indeed, throughout the whole of Africa"; and from Addis Ababa the Emperor of Ethiopia wired Mrs. King that her husband's "gallant and tireless struggle for the cause of justice and human dignity shall long be remembered by the peace-loving peoples of the world."

beaten, spat upon and stoned

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF DR. KING BROUGHT POIGNANTLY TO MIND AUDEN'S POEM ON THE DEATH OF FREUD:

ONE RATIONAL VOICE IS DUMB: OVER A GRAVE

THE HOUSEHOLD OF IMPULSE MOURNS ONE DEEPLY LOVED.

AND WHEN WITHIN FORTY EIGHT HOURS THAT DEATH WAS FOLLOWED BY THE ERUPTION OF THOSE DARK DESTRUCTIVE FORCES AGAINST WHICH DR. KING FOUGHT ALL HIS LIFE, THE BITTER CUP WAS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING. SEEKING PEACE FOR ALL, IN DYING HE HAD BROUGHT DEATH TO AT LEAST THIRTY OTHER PEOPLE, MOST OF THEM NEGROES. ONE REMEMBERED A.E. HOUSMAN'S EASTER LINES ON CHRIST - "THE HATE YOU DIED TO QUENCH, AND COULD BUT FAN."

The two essential qualities one discerned in Martin Luther King were - gentleness and bravery. The gentleness, however, was not the pliability of a weak or ineffectual man. His oratory alone made one aware of a powerful nature whose strong aggressive component he had learned, through years of patient self-restraint to chasten and control. Like Gandhi in India, he succeeded also in training his followers to school themselves in the same severe self-discipline.

HIS BRAVERY, WHICH SEEMED TO BE A NATIONAL ENDOWMENT, WAS IN ALL PROBABILITY ALSO AN ACQUIRED VIRTUE. HE SHOWED EXTRAORDINARY MORAL COURAGE IN ENDURING ENDLESS TAUNTS, INSULTS AND HUMILIATIONS, SOME OF WHICH CAME FROM HIS OWN PEOPLE, MANY OF WHOM, ESPECIALLY TOWARDS THE END, ACCUSED HIM OF HAVING MISLED THEM AND BETRAYED THEIR CAUSE. HE DEMONSTRATED NO LESS PHYSICAL COURAGE WHEN CONFRONTED BY SOUTHERN SHERIFFS AND POLICE DOGS, OR WHEN BEATEN, SPAT UPON AND STONED BY JEERING MORS. FOR YEARS HE WAS SUBJECTED TO THREATS AGAINST HIS LIFE. HE KNEW HIMSELF TO BE DAILY IN DANGER OF DEATH. THOUGH HE ALLUDED TO THIS ON MANY OCCASIONS - THE LAST BEING ON THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS MURDER - HE NEVER ALLOWED IT TO INTERFERE WITH HIS PLANS OR TO DEFLECT OR DETER HIM FROM ANY COURSE OF ACTION HE HAD RESOLVED UPON, NOR DID HE EVER GIVE WAY TO THAT INSIDIOUS FORM OF WEAKNESS KNOWN AS SELF-PITY. COM-PASSIONATE TOWARDS OTHERS, HE WAS STERN AND UNFLINCHING IN HIS DEMANDS UPON HIMSELF.

The most characteristic aspects of the political philosophy which Dr. King elaborated for himself were - non-violence and civil disobedience. For him the ethical basis of non-violence was Christianity - the literal acceptance, foreign to most Christians, of the precepts enjoined in the Sermon on the Mount. Like the aged Tolstoy, Dr. King refused to evade that stark, uncompromising injunction: But I say unto you resist not evil.

HE PERCEIVED THE IMMENSE MORAL POWER LATENT IN THE ACCEPTANCE OF NON-VIOLENCE: IT CHASTENED THE AGGRESSOR AND IT STRENGTHENED THE OPPRESSED. "IT MUZZLED THE GUNS OF THE OPPRESSOR," HE WROTE, "BECAUSE EVEN HE COULD NOT SHOOT DOWN IN DAYLIGHT UNARMED MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN (DR. KING WAS NOT SPEAKING OF SOUTH AFRICA TODAY). THIS IS THE REASON THERE WAS LESS LOSS OF LIFE IN TEN YEARS OF SOUTHERN PROTEST THAN IN TEN DAYS OF NORTHERN RIOTS." BUT TO THE END - AS IN HIS PLANS FOR THE LAST MARCH IN WASHINGTON THAT HE DID NOT LIVE TO LEAD - HE BELIEVED THAT NON-VIOLENCE WOULD BE SUCCESSFUL IN THE NORTH AS IT HAD IN THE SOUTH.

Dr. King believed that the cathartic effect of non-violence upon the desperate and dispossessed was quite as important as the restraint it imposed on the bully. "The discontent," he said, "is so deep, the anger so ingrained, the despair, the restlessness so wide, that something has to be brought into being to serve as a channelled through which these deep emotional feelings, these deep angry feelings, can be funneled. There has to be an outlet, and I see this campaign as a way to transmute the inchoate rage of the ghetto into a constructive and creative channel. It becomes an outlet for anger."

THE PROBLEM OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE IS ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT THAT A DEMOCRACY IS CALLED UPON TO FACE. IT IS AN ISSUE THAT BY ITS NATURE CANNOT ARISE IN A TOTALITARIAN STATE. FOR IT INVOLVES A FUNDAMENTAL MORAL CONFLICT - BETWEEN THE INDIVIDUAL'S LOYALTY TO HIS CONSCIENCE AND HIS DUTY TO THE STATE. IT IS A PROBLEM THAT IS AS OLD AS SOPHOCLES, AND FOR MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND YEARS THE CONSCIENCE OF CIVILIZED MANKIND HAS APPROVED THE CHOICE MADE BY ANTIGONE, EVEN THOUGH HER DECISION LED TO HER DESTRUCTION. THE VERDICT RENDERED IN THE NUREMBERG TRIALS - WHEN THE DEFENDANTS WERE CONDEMNED FOR NOT RESISTING THE COMMAND OF THE NAZIS TO COMMIT IMMORAL ACTS - WAS IN EFFECT A MODERN RE-STATEMENT OF THE ETHICAL IMPERATIVE IMPLIED IN THE ANCIENT GREEK TRAGEDY.

On the other hand, it is true that no society can continue to exist as a cohesive group if each of its members chooses to

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Don't Look Back, a film by D. A. Pennebaker, with Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, Donovan, Albert Grossman, Tito Burns, Derrol Adams, various newspapermen, teenybops, camp-followers, agents, and the auditoriums and alleys of London, Leeds, Nottingham, Manchester. Copyright 1967 by John Court and D. A. Pennebaker. (At the Guild 45th Theatre until April 16th.)

Everybody warned me ahead of time: Don't expect too much. Don't think of it as a film, it's a documentary. You got to make allowances. They didn't have to worry; the film's fine, it's a film, it's as a matter of fact a fine film. It's the life it pictures that leaves a lot to be desired.

A poet is something that happens inside his own head and a poem happens inside your head (see Croce); the outside of a poet is totally incidental and usually kind of funny looking, due to neglect. A performer is something that happens on the outside and the outside is really all that matters, the outside and the spotlight it stands in.

Dylan's outside I had seen only in still photos—that all-american chocolatebar complexion, pouty mouth, rodent eyes—and I had never understood his appeal as a performer. Dylan's face in motion is a revelation. His eyes, endlessly blinking in disbelief, seek sidelong avenues for escape; his mouth constantly tenses and relaxes with constantly rejected thoughts. He moves like a lightly brain-damaged faun. Bob Dylan has the enormous bad luck to be a poet who in his own unreconditioned, unedited person happens to be a hot property, a product that sells.

This is a movie about a poet who is a product, and for it to be conventionally beautiful would be to lie. Add the difficulties inherent in shooting a movie in rented limousines, train compartments, corridors, hotel bathrooms, green rooms and Pennebaker's accomplishment becomes almost incredible. He has made a series of fragments of life into a coherent work of art which is also a statement of truth. Those who try to excuse the grittiness and violence of the camera by calling Don't Look Back a documentary have forgotten the social function of the work of art (Lukacs); in this film the content determines the form. This is socialist realism that is not a bad joke considered as art.

The supporting cast (the only fair way to describe them) are marvelous: Albert Grossman's performance as Dylan's manager, a sort of placid gelded lion, is brilliant and deserves an Academy Award, even if he really is Dylan's manager. Donovan's short appearance as a threatening reflection in a mirror is superb; a girl named Joan Baez plays the part of a lovely shy woman with a beautiful voice ("B-a-e-zed." "Oh! I see! I didn't recognize... I've been looking for you all day. How very odd.")

Those who love Dylan will go to this film in any case. I hope that anyone who wants to see how film can bring us closer to life rather than farther away from it will go as well. It is worth two dollars to see the terrible moment of hesitation before the STAR lurches out to be devoured by the howls of the fans. Go. Please. Go. Here until the 16th.

RETINA WAKE

One Saturday night late in March, 400 people gathered in the Hub ballroom. Not to oggle at MerriLee or wiggle to the Bards but to take "A Trip In Light and Sound" with the Retina Circus Light Show. Little more than a year and a half ago St. Elmo's Fire Lights was harassed by police during a performance with the Daily Flash in the same ballroom. The cops thought the hyperabundance of fluctuating light would burn the viewers eyes out. But it has come to pass that the Light Show is a recognized Art Form, a media as legitimate as music, oil, or pen, and acceptable as entertainment to a wider spectrum of people.

The Retina Circus was well equipped with several overhead projectors, a battery of carousel slide projectors, junction boxes, switching terminals, a black tent to shade surplus light, yards of reflective screening, and a set of four fantastic speaker units, each in a corner of the ballroom (two of these units are considered adequate to handle the PA amplification at the Eagle's—an area three times the size). Sprining, belching, rolling, crashing, flooding, thundering, lightening, spiraling, beeping, exploding, washing, towering, burying, swarming, ricocheting, crocheting, jewelizing SOUND... the best in musique concrete... sculptured sound... sound monuments... sound ballets... sound made substance... the pirouette of pratfall Pilate as his Sopwith Lemac spins slowly down out of the Al gerian skie to glop and run all oil and canvas on the sheepweedhill.

The tape-artists chosen by the Retina Circus demonstrated the state of the art of electronic music: contra-dimensionality, space-warping, rhythmic complexities compounded and profounded by locational complexities, textural variation ranging from high arching spinning crystals to huge inundations of cymbalwave floods, imagery ranging from 5000 light years aways to 1936 Happy Days Are Here Again Bronx cheers; thrown in the midst of the electronic tapes was an orchestrated piece for natural instruments by Peter Philips of New York which at times came off like Science Fiction Theater background, and at others like a switching mechanism in the subway, buzzing, about to burn out and derail 4000 commuters in a dark tunnel.

Perhaps the Retina Circus was dwarfed by their own choice of sounds. The visual accompaniment rarely matched or contrasted the moods and changes of the tapes. The Circus seems to dwell obsessively in dark murky gliding regions leaving all but brief glimpses of color to the hallucination of the audience which in the face of the immediate sound stimulus, was easier done with eyes closed. They got hungup in some beautiful spidery places with a diffraction moire but the music left them far behind.

T. Harvey



FOR THOSE WHO THINK YOUNG!

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CHEER SMEAR

Last Friday night Eagles Auditorium again became the downtown coffee coral, University bookstore and temple of the money changers it seems to have become over the last few months. The Auditorium was packed and the incessant odor of a thousand different kinds of incense filled whatever remaining space there might have been. Before the doors were opened, the multitude gathered outside in small groups very reminiscent of the Ohio State picnic on the Fourth of July. Pausing only to deposit their \$4.00 at the ticket window, everyone very casually, and still rapping with each other, walked in, sat down, decided where they would meet later on, agreed with each other on every subject imaginable, then split at midnight content that they had done their duty.

I seriously wonder how many of the people there even remember who or what they heard? To help refresh the memory I'd like to remind everyone that the three young men they might have noticed are called Blue Cheer. How anyone could have ignored them I can't imagine but the crowd certainly did. I've seen a lot of crowds in auditoriums all over North America but never have I seen any as ignorant and rude as those that consistantly fill Eagles Auditorium.

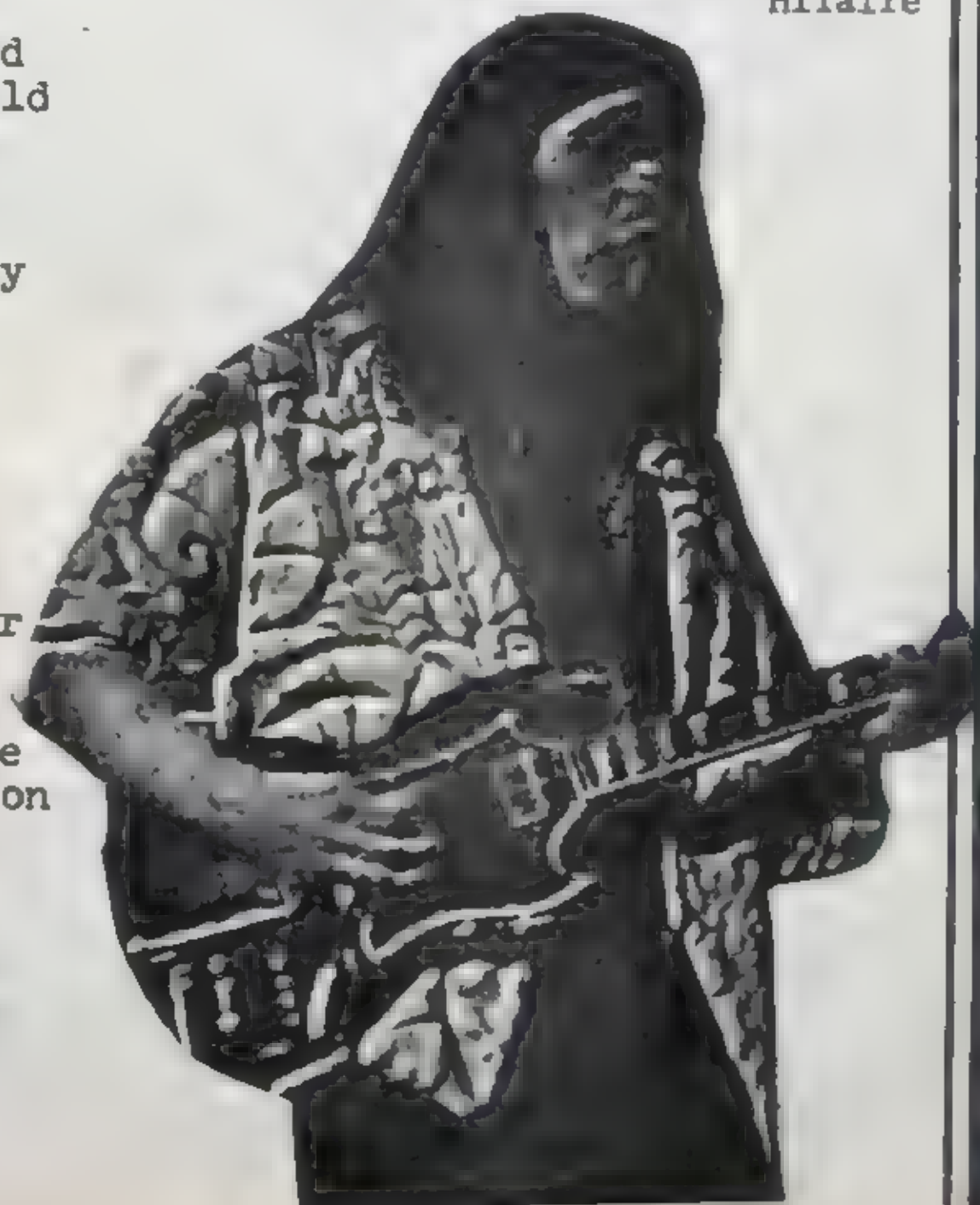
Blue Cheer's first set wasn't as good as it might have been but it was obvious that they were disappointed with the sound system and taken back a bit with the crowd. Waiting in their dressing room between sets they apologized to me for the first set and kept repeating over and over "Strange people out there." But with sure determination they were eager for their second set.

Fat Jack finished their last set 23 minutes of good mind tripping sound accompanied by a great light show from Retina Circus. I was sure that the crowd would loosen up at this and be ready to receive Blue Cheer. When Blue Cheer did come on they came on

strong with Satisfaction. They laid it down and told everyone that they meant business. They want everyone "to feel the music as well as hear it". And they want "the body and mind to meet equally" in a "raw experience".

The crowd started to respond and immediately the light show blew it. I'd never before considered just how influential a light show could be until that moment. Besides pure disgust, my only comment is that the light show was simply in bad taste. Blue Cheer never had a chance. But like the professional musicians they truly are, they fought all the way. They cut their set 25 minutes short and I don't blame them one bit. They have a return date at Eagles in July but unless the promoters open up the doors to the people who can really dig music by lowering that \$4.00 price to \$2.50 or \$3.00, I hope they don't come back.

Hilaire



Tom Robbins and the Shazam Society Cabbage Dancers and a room full of fre-aking white savages have changed Mrs. Bagley Wright's life. The leader of Seattle's "Jet Set" allowed Robbins to plan a Happening at her posh Gallery: invitations were sent out, many Society Art Buffs, Establishment Poets, and Groovy People were in attendance. Free wine was served by a chanting, body-painted Philipino who went into catatonic-meditation withdrawal on the punch table early in evening. The crowd grew: women in plastic op dresses, men in corduroy sports coats, college boys in T-shirts, hippies in leather and red and white pants, a few in costume, a bum off First Avenue, the society photographer grabbed notables by the arm and posed them near works of Art, lesser jetsetters in psychedelic shifts and granny glasses...the room was packed with milling drinking talking people. A drag like any cocktail party.

The old Betty, caught up in boring, up-tight social games, alienated, frustrated, waiting for something, she knew not what!



← BEFORE

AFTER →

New Betty is uninhibited, ecstatic flower child, tuned in, stoned out, excited about the NOW!

JUST LOOK AT THE AMAZING RESULTS

BETTY'S JUST ONE OF THOUSANDS OF LUCKY YOUNGSTERS WHO HAVE DISCOVERED FOR THEMSELVES THE MIRACULOUS PROCESS OF SELF-LIBERATION USING THIS EASY METHOD!

SEE FOR YOURSELF!

Finally, to the relief of those expecting to be entertained Black-Sambo Uncle Sam dressed in starry hat sat on a stool strumming a guitar out of tune mumbling interminable incomprehensible verse of verse. Some said they couldn't hear, Mrs. Jet Set broke on stage to plead for full attention to this man's performance. The singing went on to a dull bore of talk and popcorn. Slowly, perhaps too slowly for the majority of the audience to notice, events began to build toward chaos: a nest of plastic grass at Sambo's feet, an altar for soap and water, popcorn in the hat, MONEY SANDWICHES-A FIVE ON RYE were served to the audience mustard and applebutter spread, some laughed in embarrassment, turned pale at the sight of mustard yellow George Washington, others wiped off the spread and pocketed the bills, some ate the money and got very high, someone burned a small American flag...a dollar bill went up in flames, Fuck LBJ...the whole bowl of money burned...French bread toasted on the flames...a dance around the green fire...singing...feeting stomping...

Indian yells...Zen chants...Apache screams...bowls of popcorn thrown at the spectators who were trying to stay cool were beaten with spoons for noise and rhythm for the dancers, a chorus of Everybody's Smoking Out, frenzied sweating shirtless dancers twirling past cocktailed patrons of the arts, laughing kids wrapping each other in colorful cloth, blocks of ice sliding on the ground, joints popping passing around the room, the wine bowl crystal ringing gong on a worshipers head as the death march of Culture wallowed past. The Happening really happened... in a way many did not expect...happy people yelling singing dancing together, pounding breaking using everything in moments of instantaneous drama, using their voices and bodies for fun... some of the Watchers watched, Others left. Some were shocked by the violence of spontaneity. The Dancers will dance again maybe someday Mrs. Bagley-Wright will dance with them.

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CRUMB

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1 open



2 unfold freaky 4 color poster



3 remove record



4 listen to an album that's hard to believe

COSTIGAN 19

Continued from Page 16

defy its rules at his own good pleasure; on the other, it is true that if the individual - as in Nazi Germany or Stalin's Russia - surrenders his conscience wholly to the State, he ceases to be a free man. Three criteria, perhaps, must be satisfied before civil disobedience become ethically acceptable: (1) that it be invoked only in issues of transcendent moral import (2) that it be non-violent (3) that the dissenter submit himself willingly to whatever punishment his infraction of the law may entail. If these conditions be fulfilled, the offender at once acknowledges the necessity of law and sustains the spirit of justice without which law is a mockery. Dr. King's advocacy of civil disobedience, for which he was condemned by many, was based upon a recognition of the validity of these three limitations, which has also been accepted by Thoreau in his day.

IT IS NOTEWORTHY HOW, DURING THE COURSE OF HIS POLITICAL ACTIVITY, DR. KING GRADUALLY BROADENED THE BASE OF HIS CONCERN. AT MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, IN 1956, HE BEGAN TO FIGHT AGAINST RACIAL SEGREGATION AND THERE GAINED HIS FIRST GREAT VICTORY; IN SELMA, ALABAMA, IN 1965, HE BEGAN THE DRIVE FOR THE EFFECTUAL USE OF NEGRO VOTING POWER WHICH ENDED IN ANOTHER VICTORY. THESE TWO CAMPAIGNS WERE FOUGHT PRIMARILY TO SECURE JUSTICE FOR THE BLACKS, BUT BY 1968, DR. KING HAD BECOME THE CHAMPION OF PUERTO RICANS, MEXICAN-AMERICANS, AMERICAN INDIANS AND EVEN OF POOR WHITES, AS WELL AS NEGROES. HE ALSO ENLARGED THE AREA OF HIS CONCERN BEYOND THAT OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL MATTERS TO INCLUDE ECONOMIC PROBLEMS AS WELL. THUS IN THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON, HE HAD HOPED TO DRAMATIZE THE PLIGHT NOT ONLY OF THE NEGRO, BUT OF ALL THROUGHOUT THE NATION WHO WERE POVERTY-STRICKEN OR IN WANT; AND HE DEMANDED FOR THEM NOT SIMPLY POLITICAL JUSTICE BUT WHAT HE TERMED AN ECONOMIC BILL OF RIGHTS - A REVOLUTIONARY CONCEPT FOR AMERICA.

By an Economic Bill of Rights, Dr. King meant that the Federal Government should guarantee employment to all who were able to work, and an annual income to all who were not. To avert the threatened disaster in the slums which every day of the approaching summer seemed to bring closer, he demanded that an immense number of jobs should be created in as short a time as possible. Along with this he stressed the urgent need for low-cost housing, for better health conditions, for better educational opportunities and for an end to de facto segregation in schools. He realized, of course, that the acceptance of such a program - much of it already implicit in the Report of the Kerner Commission on Civil Disorders - would mean a vast re-education of the American public as a whole. The program would also be expensive: Dr. King put its cost at some twelve billion dollars - the cost of four months of the war in Southeast Asia.

DR. KING'S WHOLE EXPERIENCE HAS BEEN WITH AMERICAN DOMESTIC PROBLEMS. HE HAD TRAVELLED LITTLE ABROAD AND KNEW LITTLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS; BUT THE TRAGEDY IN VIETNAM FORCED HIM TO THINK OF INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS AND EDUCATED HIM TO A KEEN SENSE OF THE INTER-DEPENDENCE OF INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL PROBLEMS. HIS CONCERN WITH VIETNAM BEGAN WITH A GROWING AWARENESS THAT THE VAST SUMS BEING SPENT THERE MIGHT BETTER HAVE BEEN DEVOTED TO THE ELIMINATION OF SOCIAL EVILS AT HOME. THE COST OF THREE WEEKS' WAR IN VIETNAM WAS ROUGHLY EQUAL TO THE ANNUAL ALLOTMENT TO THE 'WAR AGAINST POVERTY', WHICH WAS ALREADY MISERABLY FAILING. THE ANNUAL BUDGET FOR THE PEACE CORPS WAS APPROXIMATELY THE SAME AS THE COST OF THIRTY SIX HOURS OF THE WAR. PREACHING IN THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL ON THE LAST SUNDAY OF HIS LIFE, DR. KING ESTIMATED THAT WE WERE SPENDING \$50,000 TO KILL EVERY YOUNG VIETNAMESE NATIONALIST WHO DIED FIGHTING FOR HIS COUNTRY, WHEREAS ONLY \$53 A YEAR WAS BEING DEVOTED TO SUSTAIN EVERY POOR PERSON IN THE UNITED STATES. EVERY SLUM IN AMERICA MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABOLISHED FOR THE MONEY ALREADY LAVISHED UPON A FUTILE, CRUEL AND INCONCLUSIVE WAR - \$100 BILLION WAS THE ESTIMATE OF THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT. "WE ARE SPENDING ALL OF THIS MONEY FOR DEATH AND DESTRUCTION," DR. KING POINTED OUT, "AND NOT NEARLY ENOUGH FOR LIFE AND CONSTRUCTIVE DEVELOPMENT."

Still further reading about Vietnam educated Dr. King, as it did Senator Fulbright and a majority of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, to a realization of the unspeakable barbarism of the conflict itself. It was a war in which not only the enemy but also American troops and their allies were trained to torture and assassinate: a war in which defenceless civilian populations were subject to napalm and white phosphorus bombing; a war in which perhaps a million civilians have already been killed and two and a half million made homeless refugees.

DR. KING HAD RECEIVED THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE BEFORE MR. JOHNSON HAD ESCALATED THE VIETNAM WAR AND BEFORE THE WAR HAD FORCED ITSELF TO ANY GREAT DEGREE UPON HIS OWN CONSCIOUSNESS. BUT THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE PRIZE MUST SURELY HAVE MADE HIM MORE AWARE OF THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF CONDONING THE INHUMAN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES IN SOUTHEAST ASIA.

At Riverside Church in New York City, Dr. King told an over-flowing congregation: "I could never again raise my voice against the violence of the oppressed in the ghettos without having first spoken clearly to the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today - my own government. For the sake of those boys, for the sake of this government, for the sake of hundreds of thousands trembling under our violence, I cannot be silent."

A YEAR BEFORE HIS DEATH HE WROTE IN PASSIONATE TERMS: "BLACK YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN HAVE WATCHED AS AMERICA SENDS BLACK YOUNG MEN TO BURN VIETNAMESE WITH 'NAPALM', TO SLAUGHTER MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN; AND THEY WONDER WHAT KIND OF A NATION IT IS THAT APPLAUDS NON-VIOLENCE WHENEVER NEGROES FACE WHITE PEOPLE IN THE STREETS OF THE UNITED STATES BUT THEN APPLAUDS VIOLENCE AND BURNING AND DEATH WHEN THESE SAME NEGROES ARE SENT TO THE FIELD OF VIETNAM."

In the final months of his life, Dr. King came to view the Vietnam war and the struggle for social justice as inseparable facets of a single basic issue. It could hardly escape his attention that the Southern racists who were the fiercest cham-

ions of war were also the bitterest enemies of his own people. Dr. King lived just long enough to see how in the Wisconsin primary the largest vote for Mr. Johnson's war policy came from precisely those Polish and German minorities in and near Milwaukee among whom the 'white backlash' was most strongly in evidence.

IT IS ALSO NOTEWORTHY THAT IN THE INNUMERABLE PUBLIC TRIBUTES PAID TO DR. KING AFTER HIS DEATH, SCARCELY A SINGLE SPEAKER DARED ALLUDE TO THE IMPASSIONED STAND - UNPOPULAR IN OFFICIAL CIRCLES - THAT DR. KING HAD TAKEN UPON THE ISSUE OF THE VIETNAM WAR. INDEED, HAD HE LIVED LONGER, HE MIGHT WELL HAVE FACED THE SAME POSSIBILITY OF GOING TO PRISON THAT AT PRESENT CONFRONTS DR. SPOCK AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

The last months of Dr. King's life were haunted not only by the fear of social revolution, but by forebodings that the United States might be developing into a Fascist state. "The Federal Government," he wrote bitterly just before his death, "is prepared to gamble with another summer of disaster. Despite two summers of violence, not a single basic cause of riots has been corrected." He observed how in many cities armed repression rather than social reconstruction appeared to be the course chosen by authority - police dogs, tanks, guns and gas rather than jobs, schools, hospitals, and decent housing. Not without reason did he fear the strength of the 'white backlash' and the brutality of the police, should the almost incredible patience of the Negro break at last and give way to general insurrection. To the very end, therefore, despite discouragement from white or black, he maintained the absolute necessity for the Negro to remain faithful to the ideal of non-violence. In that faith he lived, and for that faith he died. He was perhaps the greatest man that Americans of African descent have yet produced. May white and black alike honor his memory and be faithful to his precepts.

POLAND CONT. FROM PG. 14

class employment. And if he works it's only with a very calculating intention that he's just going to get enough money to satisfy him then quit, or he's only going to work part-time or he's not very well supervised, like being a taxi driver or a jazz musician, or a bead stringer or some real weird artsy-craftsy thing or a farmer or a dope dealer--something where he's not subject to the authority of society. Furthermore, he's changed his relationship to the means of production because you can no longer motivate him by simply offering him money. Because he's reduced his need for money by reducing his desire for the things that money provides. You see we talk about economic relationships, they all assume a certain psychology. They assume that a man wants as much physical comfort as he can afford, but that's no longer true for some people. Or we

might say that society is so fat that even if you don't work you can still keep from getting scurvy. I think it is a real change.

SI: I'd like to jump in on this one. Not only is there the potential for the Hip revolution to create this change, but if the hippie movement is not successful as a movement, then we are confronted by certain other alternatives. Wemer, the father of cybernetics says that we have to radically change our whole idea of what a human being is. No longer value a person for what he does, but rather value him as a human being, because we'll have such a super abundance of goods that if we don't have a moral or political revolution along the lines of what I believe is emerging from the hippie revolution then we are hung up with things like reservations for the unemployed, the huge dole system for fenced reservations, or Orwell's nightmare or planned wars between major countries to keep their populations in control. These are the things that in reality we're confronted by if we don't have the other kind of revolution.



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GRASS-

Ideas are the last items to be reduced to the status of products in capitalism's supermarket, but the transformation is almost complete. Soon the entire spectrum of opinion on any subject (Vietnam, birth-control) will be produced and distributed (efficiently) from one centralized location (Benton Harbor, Michigan).

VALIDITY MUST BOW TO DEMAND!

You take grass, now; grass can sell a lot of words. For instance, the pamphlet of the Community Committee of the PTA Council of Edmonds School District No. 15, Chapter I entitled **ARE YOU CONCERNED ABOUT REPORTS OF DRUG ABUSE AMONG OUR YOUNG PEOPLE?** "Authorities in the fields of Medicine, Law, education, communication and the ministry have contributed to it." Choice excerpts: "After some initial and rather vigorous interrogation, I had to remove my wig and explain my unusual assignment." "Hesitant at first, but gradually gaining confidence... I began my stroll down Haight Street... watchin', picking up the language, listening to the numerous folk and protest songs being sung by bearded would-be Beatle Groups." "The fallacy of 'harmless pot' has been set straight by many people and only yesterday by Matthew O'Connor, California's chief narcotics agent, who said 'Marijuana is completely rejected by the medical

community because of its unpredictable nature." **KEEP IN MIND THAT YOUR CONVICTION OF A FELONY FORBIDS YOUR EVER GETTING A SECURITY CLEARANCE'**

Right. And now a word from the Bellevue District Justice Court, Melvin V. Love, Judge: "Increased activity involving abuse of dangerous drugs by young people has directed attention to the need for reliable information in this field. At the Court's request, Dr. Clement I. Krantz researched contemporary medical literature (to prepare) a series of papers in language understandable by a non-medically trained reader."

THE VIEWS OF DR. KRANTZ EXPRESSED IN THESE PAPERS ARE HIS OWN'

"The plants occur as the so-called male form—the staminate type—and the female or pistillate form. The former bears the pollen, particularly at its top and it dies when the pollen is extruded." The drug is smuggled into this country, chiefly from Mexico, often hidden in cigarette packs, fountain pens, lighters, flash lights, lip sticks, too. In past years huge amounts of the plant have been brought into the United States, amounting to some 1750 thousand pounds in 1960." (Ed. astonished note: the way I figger this means 29,100,000 lids. In 1960. In lipsticks. Yeah. "Anything to declare?" "Oh, no, all we got are these four thousand flashlights, and we had them when we come down.")

MARIJUANA LED TO THE HARD STUFF

"The usual dose (this is still Dr. Krantz) is three to ten reeferers daily. Usually the smoker does not partake of the drug after once he had become "high". When he has taken an overdose, the symptoms may be allayed by taking, pop, sweet wine, a cold shower, etc.

-IANA

WHISKEY NEGATES THE ACTION OF MARIJUANA

Overdosage produces nausea and vomiting. Psychoses occur, often with filthy habits, such as spreading excrement on the floor." "When a young person shows a sudden change in his daily actions, WHEN HE GIVES OFF THAT BURNED ROPE AROMA together with the finding of reeferers with somewhat green inclusions of the hemp plant in his possession, a full and frank discussion of the use of drugs and their impact is necessary, usually by the PHYSICIAN; PSYCHIATRIST OR LAW OFFICER."

THE TELLTALE BANDAGE ON THE BACK OF THE KNEE

This brings us to the case of Florrie Fields, who is dedicating her life to telling it like it is to the youth of America. In the New York Daily News on Valentine's Day, in the Seattle PI on April 1, Florrie says: "I don't think marijuana leads to heroin and cocaine. I know it! I know a thousand junkies, and they all started with pot. Like me."

THIS IS NOT A CLEAN STORY

"She told about her background—good Jewish parents, whose only fault was that they loved her too much, and accepted her pathological lying. "When you come home late, I guess you tell the truth that maybe you saw a good-looking fellow and wanted to hang around and impress him. But not me. If I was late, I'd tell my mother, 'I took the West End train, there was an accident, I'm the only survivor.'" (I'm a pathological liar, everything I say is the truth.)

SHE'S A RAVING MANIAC AND HER PROGNOSIS IS NIL!

"You're not hearing this from the horses' mouth. I am the horse! (Coo coo katchoo!) It is true what the doctors say, that marijuana is not physically addictive. I know it is psychologically addictive. The hell with statistics—I am unto myself a statistic."

FLORRIE MARRIED HER ZOOT SUITER

"She (Florrie) had urged kids to "drop a dime" (Mail an anonymous letter to the authorities) on the friends they know are using pot or narcotics, SO THAT THEY CAN BE HELPED BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE. "There were six people I counted among my friends. They only used marijuana, and on marijuana they committed crimes of passion and were electrocuted. Yes, they were using marijuana when they committed MURDER' AND THEY WERE ELECTROCUTED IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR in Raiford, Fla. and in Sing Sing. They didn't have time to graduate to horse."

A HEAD OF LETTUCE, A LOAF OF BREAD, A QUART OF MILK;

Reprints of all this shut will no doubt soon be available from your local high school counselor, minister, judge, etc. It figures. ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

The UW Faculty Committee on Drugs should have their report out soon. It is essentially a summary of current research, and will contain an extensive bibliography. The YWCA's Marijuana Teach-In is scheduled for May 3rd, and may do some good if any of those that need teaching come to it. But they've got an information tit elsewhere. Finally, Bruce Buis, playing David Copy-Boy to the Goliath Editor Goudy of the PI, has demanded a chance to answer Florrie Fields in the pristine Elysian pages of Hearst. Request tentatively approved, final outcome dubious.

THE NATION THAT CONTROLS MAGNETISM CONTROLS THE UNIVERSE!

RBD

Junk

by Don Baumgart

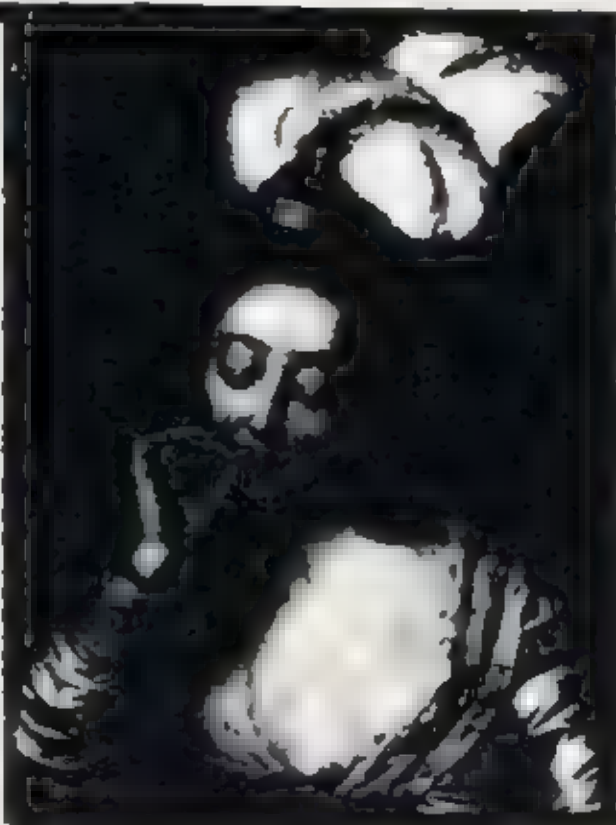
In its zeal to get the goods on some future Ralph Ginzburg or James Joyce, your friendly neighborhood post office is offering a new obscenity service starting April 15.

As of that date you have the right to stop delivery of mail to your doot if you consider the mail to be "erotically arousing or sexually provocative." And, according to the law, the post office has no say in whether you have judged your mail correctly. If you sign a complaint form, the post office contacts the sender and has you taken off his mailing list. If he refuses to drop you from the list he gets to do the courtroom—and-lawyer scene.

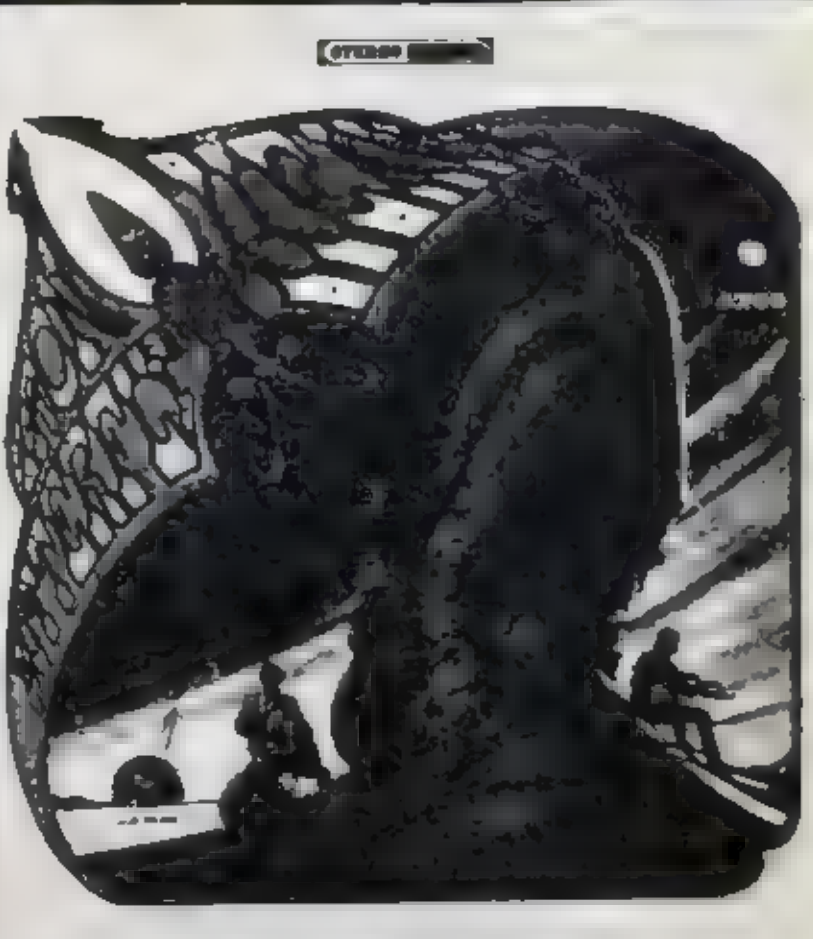
This law, tacked on as a rider to the recent federal pay increase bill, is really an underground anti-junk mail law. Readers Digest wants you to subscribe? File a complaint and they can't send you no more mail. Sears hits you every month with their bulk mail flyer yelling about sales on power mowers. File a complaint and the catalog goes back to the outhouse. Proctor & Gamble announces a new washday miracle? File against pre-packaged miracles.

Spread the word to your straight friends on how to flush out their mailboxes. Give 'em complaint forms instead of grass. Turn 'em on to turning off the river of junk mail polluting their mailboxes.

According to a Seattle postal inspector the complaint forms aren't ready yet, but, hopefully, will be behind the counters shortly. The Helix will carry the form number for easy identification when you go in to turn the Man loose against the System. Complaint forms will also be available at the ID bookstore, where help is available to those who need assistance in filling out the paperwork (stoned, etc.)



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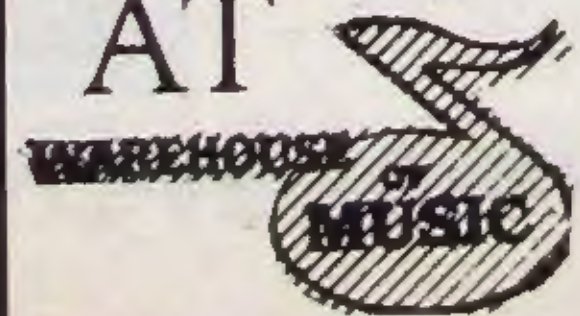
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THE FOX - Uptown Theatre, 511 Queen Anne Ave N

BLACKBEARD'S GHOST - 7th Ave., 7th & Olive Way

IN COLD BLOOD - Coliseum Theatre, 500 Pike Street.

DON'T LOOK BACK - Guild 45, 2115 45th

Film Board of Canada's Films - Henry Gallery, 15th and Campus Pkwy. 12:30, 1:30, 3:30, 4:30, 7,8,9

JEANNE DIXON - astrologer. April 30 Seattle Opera House 8:30 \$3.10. Proceeds fo to Forest Ridge Bldg. Fund.

PARTY - Jerry Klein and Susan Roth will celebrate their marriage on Sat April 14 in the evening at the Free U, 1221 40th NE. All friends invited. BYOB - musicians bring your axe. (splitting for cal.)

LE RAPPORT COFFEE HOUSE- 100 West Roy Street. At2-9844: Thurs & Sun 8-10pm, Fri & Sat 9-11pm. Thurs April 18, Reflections of Love and Communication within the Popular Culture. Fri April 19 Cybernetics vs Conformity and Individualism. Sat April 20 Harvest of Thorns, readings on war. Thurs April 25 How to Handle Your Children and Their Drugs.

BUDDHIST MEDITATION - Ch'an (Zen) and Tibetan Wed. 7pm 2033 Minor Ave E Information at the Free U.

theatre

THE MILK TRAIN DOESN'T STOP HERE ANYMORE - Stage 1 Theatre, 87 Pike Place Market, Fri and Sat, 8:30, \$3

WAIT UNTIL DARK - Cirque Playhouse, 3406 E Union. Tues-Sat 8:30, \$3

Galleries

SELIGMAN GALLERY - 3727 University Way NE. PLASTICS WEST COAST. April Tues. W Wed. Sat. 11am-4pm Thurs 1pm-9pm.

GORDON WOODSIDE GALLERY - 803 E Union St. Allan Lobb, sculpture, thru April 26. Tues-Sun noon-6pm.

PM - 101 14th Ave. E. Bruce Taggart, drawings, paintings, enamels. Sun - Thurs 6-10pm.

FRYE ART MUSEUM - Terry at Cherry. Frye Museum Accessions. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. Sun noon-6pm.

HENRY ART GALLERY - 15th and Campus Pkwy. ACTON, WARHOL, LICHTENSTEIN RAMOS, OLIVIERA, from the private collection of Charles Cowles, publisher Art Forum. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Thurs eve 10am-5pm, Sun 1pm-5pm.

SEATTLE ART MUSEUM - Volunteer Park Liu kuo-Sung and Chinese Porcelain Exhibit, Seattle Photo Salon. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Thurs eve 10am-10pm, Sun 1pm-5pm.

ATTICA GALLERY - 426 Broadway. Cast acrylics, light and illusion by Valdis Zarins, sculptor. Tues-Sat 11-7pm, Sun 1-5pm.

ANDERSON GALLERY - 133 14th Ave E. Boddie and Bucknell. Mon-Sat 10-4pm, Sun 1-6pm.

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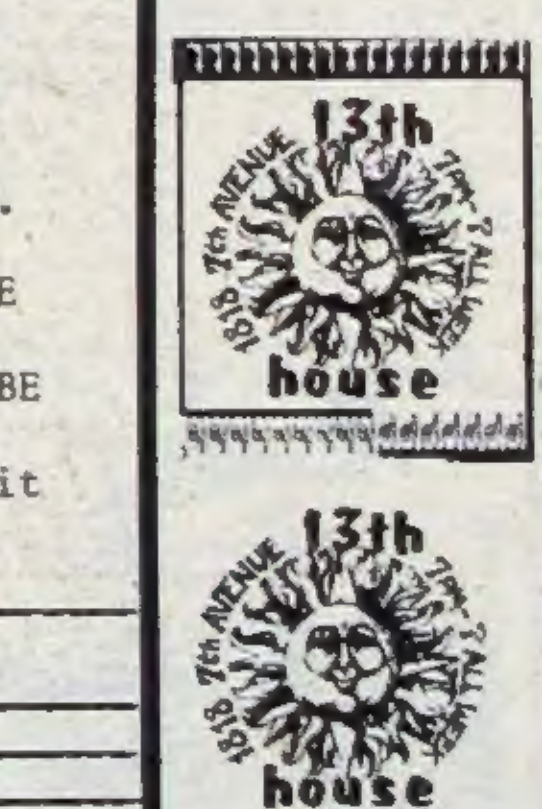
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